HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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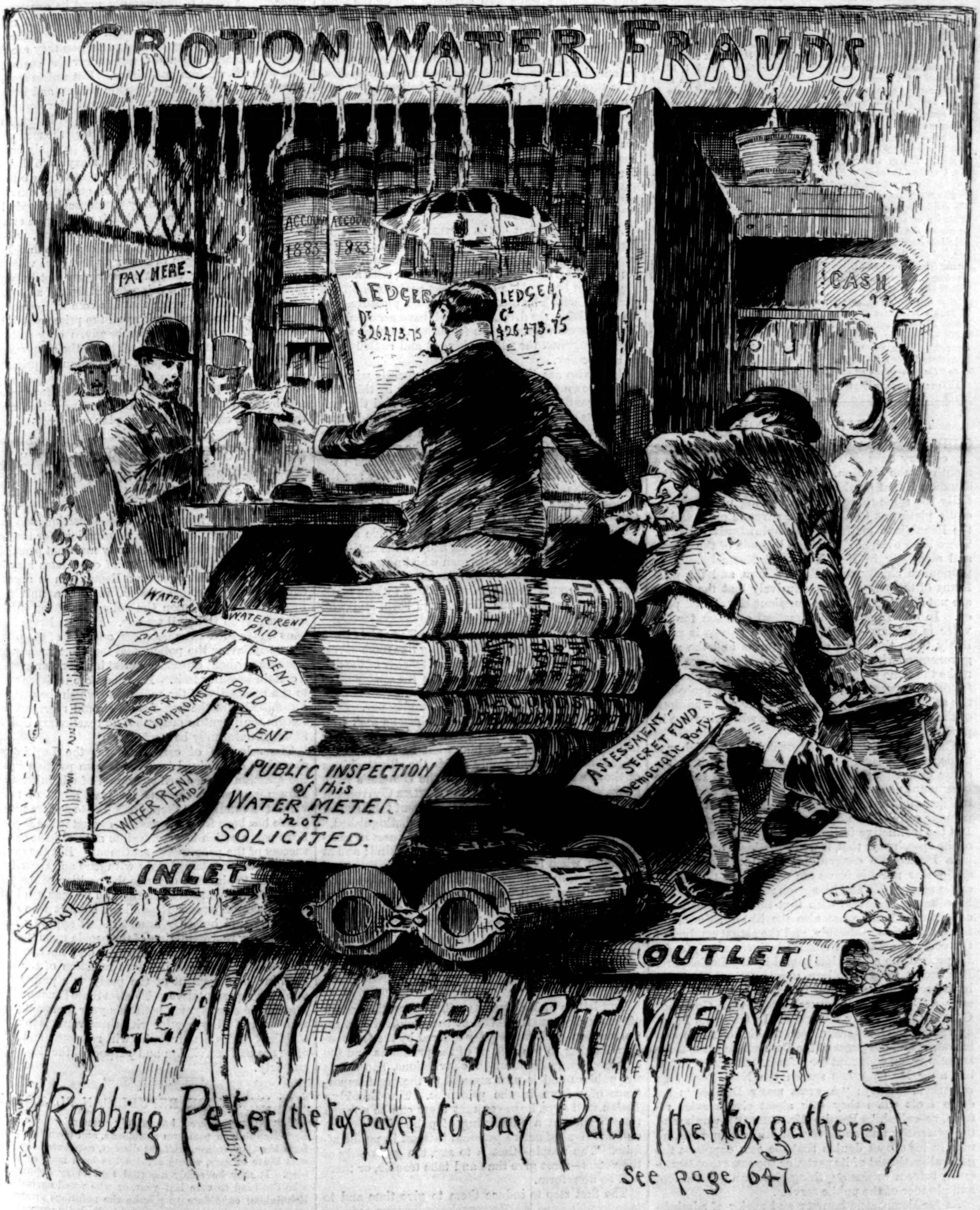

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

RE-OPENING OF THE ART COMPETITION.

The judges appointed to award the prizes in the Art Competition for the illustration of ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn" *have reported [see* HARPER'S WEEKLY *dated September* 1] *that they "are not justified by the conditions of the competition in awarding any prize whatsoever." Three hundred and thirty-eight drawings entered into the competition, and twenty-three were received after the* 1*st of August—too late to be considered.*

Pursuant to the intimation given in their original "offer to young American artists," the MESSRS. HARPER *have determined to re-open the competition, enlarging its scope and modifying the limitation as to age, in accordance with suggestions made by the judges.*

For the best original illustration appropriate to Christmas—the drawing to be suitable for publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *to be made especially for this competition, and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-seven years of age—*MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, *at Franklin Square, New York, not later than March* 1, 1884, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope securely attached to the drawing, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A., MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A., *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department at* HARPER & BROTHERS', *will act as judges of the competition.*

The treatment of the subject is left to the artist, limited only by the special reference to Christmas. Either the Bible story of the Nativity, or the social features of Christmas, past or present, may be chosen for illustration. The judges, in making the award, will take into consideration not only the technical art value of each drawing, but also the appropriateness of the subject selected, the sufficiency of the illustration, and especially the originality of conception and treatment. The combination of different designs in a single picture should be avoided.

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *for December*, 1884; *and should others submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $500; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $500; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $500: *these awards not to be subject to the above-mentioned understanding as to "the prosecution of art study," etc.*

FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK, September 8, 1883.

THE APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY.

THE important party conventions throughout the country have now been held, and it is scarcely a month to the election. The significant fact in the situation is that all the conventions demand substantially the same things, with a bearing in the Democratic platforms to a tariff for revenue only, and in the Republican platforms to administrative reform. There is an evident disposition in some of the States, and especially in New York and Massachusetts, to pronounce chiefly upon State affairs, and the platforms of the year show conclusively that the parties are not divided upon great questions of national policy. In this situation the practical question for the voter is obvious—which of the two parties is more likely to be the agent of the reforms and the good government which both profess to desire? Since both make the same professions, this question can be satisfactorily answered only by an estimate of probabilities arising from the general character and traditions of the parties, and by their conduct when they are in power.

The best Democratic statement is that which was made by ex-Speaker CHAPIN in the New York Democratic Convention. His speech recognized fully the paramount necessity of reform in politics, and of the indispensability to Democratic success of a general popular conviction that the party is a reform party. But the instinctive feeling of every intelligent reader of the speech was that it was singularly out of place in a Democratic convention, and that neither the ex-Speaker nor his views are at home in the Democratic party. He and his speech represent what some hereditary Democrats wish that their party believed and intended, but what also the history, the traditions, the active leadership, and the actual conduct of the party show that it neither believes nor intends. He praised the reform bill passed by the Legislature. But except for Republican urgency the bill would have been smothered, and it was in no sense whatever a Democratic measure, except that Governor CLEVELAND sincerely favored it. In Ohio and Pennsylvania and New Jersey, upon the lips of Democratic orators and the pages of the Democratic press, there is nothing but contempt for reform. The very morning after Mr. CHAPIN'S speech the New York *Sun* remarked, bitterly: "A great many Democrats become fools when they talk about civil service reform, so called." Despite Mr. CHAPIN'S words and the sympathy and endeavors of other Democrats, no man in his senses doubts that the *Sun* expresses the general sentiment of its party, or supposes that Democratic reform means anything else than general loot and plunder of the public service.

As for Democratic honesty and purity of administration, the Democratic Governor of Maryland has frankly and plainly exposed them in that State, while here in the city of New York, where municipal administration is wholly in Democratic hands, the recent revelations of fraud and theft in the Dock Department, in the Comptroller's office, in the Department of Public Works, and now in the Bureau of Tax Arrears, prove conclusively that Democratic control is not a guarantee of official honesty. Now while it is true that there have been instances of flagrant dishonesty under Republican rule, it is no less true, and it is significant of Republican character and temper, that they have been most remorselessly exposed by the Republican press and unflinchingly prosecuted by Republican authority; and that while the patronage of office has enormously increased during the long Republican ascendency, it is Republicanism which, while still dominant, has radically restricted the power and the consequent corruption of patronage, and made the actual reform already begun a cardinal party measure. The Republican party, moreover, is now, as it has always been, strongest among the most industrious and most intelligent citizens. No party has ever had so magnificent a tradition. It has shown unprecedented power of self-correction and recuperation, and it is to-day stronger in the confidence of the independent voters than it has been for many years. It is those voters who will decide between the two parties as probable agents of reform and progress, of more decent politics and honest government, and there is no question that the great body of such voters will support the Republican party next year, unless, in the mean while, it should forfeit the confidence which it has fairly earned.

COMIC POLITICS.

AN amusing effort of the BUTLER demagoguery in Massachusetts is to depict BUTLER himself as the representative of the poor laboring-man against the aristocracy. The airy gentleman of fortune, with a nosegay in the button-hole of his dress-coat, steps off his yacht, on which he has been taking his pleasure, and after receiving the dividends which have accumulated in his absence, poses as the friend of the hard-working man against the silk-stockinged and ruffled-shirted aristocracy.

And who are these bedizened aristocrats who are to be thrown from their ill-gotten power by this prosperous gentleman? The silk stockings and the ruffled shirts are those of the industrious rural and farming population of Massachusetts, the children of the district school, the men who live by the sweat of their brows, and who are glad if by incessant work they can make the ends of the year meet. They are the sons of the minute-men of Concord and Lexington a hundred years ago; the men who left the plough themselves to march to the war of the Union, and whom BUTLER'S lackeys did not then deride as silk stockings. These are the great body of the anti-BUTLER voters in Massachusetts, men who know a political charlatan now as thoroughly as Governor ANDREW knew one twenty years ago, men whose fathers made Massachusetts what she has always been, and who are worthy sons of their sires.

These sturdy silk stockings and ruffled shirts have chosen for their leader a silk stocking like themselves, the honest son of a hardy farmer, a teacher of the district school, who has risen not like his opponent to riches and universal distrust, but to commanding public position and universal confidence and honor. BUTLER says that the people of Massachusetts took him up and made him what he is. In return he is trying to take them in to make him what he hopes to be. His lesser henchmen feebly deride the silk stockings of those who expose and oppose the General's little game. But the chairman of the BUTLER Convention has said something rather more stringent than ruffled shirts of BUTLER himself. "He was distinguished," says Mr. EDWARD AVERY, "for his readiness in making promises and giving pledges of every kind; and at all times, when it was necessary to the fulfillment of his purpose, he displayed equal readiness in breaking them." Gentlemen who hold this opinion of a candidate and still vote for him, and at the same time accuse the farmers of Massachusetts, who prefer an honest man, of wearing ruffled shirts, greatly enliven the political season.

FREE NOMINATIONS.

THE letters of Mr. SHERMAN S. ROGERS, the speech of Senator WARNER MILLER at the Richfield Springs Convention, with the inquiry ordered by the Convention looking to the reform of the primaries and the enlarged representation in conventions, show that the public mind is now aroused to the great importance of reform in the primaries. The Brooklyn *Union* well says, however, that there can be no such reform without a quickening of public intelligence and a revival of active personal interest in public affairs. The people—that is to say, the great body of the voters—must give time and take trouble, or there will be no reform.

The first step to induce them to give time and to take trouble is, as Mr. ROGERS shrewdly says, to bring the primaries into the daylight. They must be given the importance which justly belongs to them as the initiatory act of popular government. The law, so far as practicable, must surround them with the seriousness and dignity of an election, and party organizations must take care to make them perfectly free. This will stimulate the interest and activity of the individual voter, because it will assure him that his voice will be as influential as any other voice in selecting candidates. It will show the great multitude of honest men in the party who never attend a primary because they are sure that it would be of no use, that at the small cost of time and trouble necessary to drop a vote they can defeat rings and cliques which they would not undertake to defeat if they had to take their chance in a packed room. The poll of a primary open and conducted with the formality of an election, and the honest counting of the vote deposited, is as good a guarantee of free nominations as can be devised.

Such a poll, indeed, would not at first attract every voter. The habit of indifference must be overcome. The suspicion of bad faith must be allayed. A man whose legs have been tied until they are withered will not at once spring up and run when they are released. Emancipation did not endow the enslaved race with all wisdom and virtue. But unless actual interest in the conduct of public affairs and in the prosperity of the party agency upon which voters rely has altogether perished, a plan which will secure to every voter an equal weight in selecting the men who shall administer the government will probably bring as many voters to the poll of a primary as to that of an election. The more radical the remedy, the better. Senator MILLER'S suggestion of an enlarged convention is admirable. Not only would such a body be more difficult to manipulate, but it would give every district a direct interest in the convention, which would stimulate local and general enthusiasm. But the reform must begin in a way to bring the voter to the primary. For this it is necessary not only to give to each primary a delegate, but first of all to assure the individual voter that his vote will count at the primary, and that packing of the primary will be useless. This assurance can be given only as it is given at the actual election. This is the supplement of Senator MILLER'S capital proposition of primary representation in the convention. It is the plan suggested by Mr. ROGERS, and some three or four years ago by Mr. LARNED, both of Buffalo, and which may therefore be called the Buffalo plan.

LOOK OUT FOR THE LEGISLATURE.

THE State Senate which will be elected in New York this year will take part in the election of the next United States Senator. This fact will show to every voter the importance of the election, and the necessity of securing proper nominations for the Legislature. The existing harmony must not persuade Republicans that the selection of candidates may be left to chance, and that any Republican is a good enough candidate. There is, indeed, a universal formal agreement upon the policy of reform in the caucus and in the civil service. But, as always happens under such circumstances, one part of the party earnestly favors the policy, and the other merely acquiesces, without especial interest in it, and even with a certain hostility to it. It is therefore indispensable to the prosperity of the reforms to which the party is committed that the Legislature should represent the reform sentiment in order that no reactionary United States Senator may be elected.

The selection of candidates for the Legislature should be determined by their known position upon the question of free primaries and of administrative reform, and when there is the least doubt of their views the candidates should be asked to declare them. There has been for some years a contest in the Republican party which has reached its natural issue in the success of the progressive sentiment. But the situation can be maintained only with care and sagacity.

The State platform declares the position of the party upon administrative reform, and no man can honorably ask or expect Republican support who does not fully and honestly accept it. It approves also the primary representation of the people upon "equal terms and footing." No man who does not honestly hold this view, which involves rejection of the late machine management of the party, is a proper Republican representative. To elect State Senators this year and Assemblymen both this year and next year who are in full sympathy with these views is to elect a United States Senator who will represent and promote the real conviction and purpose of the Republican party.

THE NEW YORK REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

THE Albany *Express* has crisply summarized the New York Republican platform as follows, and upon this platform the Convention, without dissent, nominated the present State officers, whose service has been most satisfactory. It may be safely asserted that every Republican who declined to vote last year, or who voted against the Republican candidate to rebuke the nefarious means by which the nomination was secured, will gladly support the

candidates and the platform of this year, reserving his opinions upon the question what policy best protects American labor:

"Approval of the national administration, the reduction of internal taxation, bounties to the nation's defenders, and the gradual extinction of the public debt.

"The complete success of civil service reform.

"A tariff affording revenue to the government and protection to American labor.

"The promotion of American shipping.

"The establishment of a national bureau of labor.

"Honest primary elections.

"No monopolies, no unjust discriminations in transportation, no violation of chartered privileges.

"Equal taxation.

"Maintenance of free canals.

"The right of the people to demand the submission of a constitutional amendment to popular vote in regard to the manufacture and sale of liquor."

MUSIC OF THE WINTER.

THE announcement of music for the winter in the city is unprecedentedly rich. The three greatest living *prime donne* of Italian opera will sing here simultaneously, and the two great orchestras of THOMAS and DAMROSCH will play the noblest symphonies of the chief composers. There will be also admirable chamber concerts, and the few charmed evenings of the Mendelssohn Glee Club. No city in the world will be more attractive for the variety and excellence of its music.

Among the announcements none is more novel and interesting than that of the proposed series of THOMAS concerts for children or young persons. This is an enterprise which several ladies have suggested, who desire that their children who are studying music may have an opportunity to hear the best instrumental work which is most adapted to their years. To this end it must be carefully selected by an intelligent master, who will have regard to the conditions, and Mr. THOMAS was obviously the man. He has taken warm interest in the plan, and if the preliminary subscription at SCHIRMER'S and elsewhere shall warrant, the concerts will take place.

The general plan contemplates afternoon concerts not so long as to fatigue a young audience, the selections to be made from the brighter and "easier" works of the masters. There is something of the same general purpose in the scheme of the popular THOMAS matinées in Brooklyn, and both series will undoubtedly tend to popularize without vulgarizing the best music. The advantage of the children's series to the young people who are studying music is plain. There could be no more delightful commentary or illustration or incitement added to their musical studies than such concerts.

ASSISTANT BISHOP POTTER.

THE universal satisfaction and commendation with which the election of the Rev. HENRY C. POTTER to the Assistant Bishopric of New York has been received recalls the similar unanimity of feeling which greeted the elevation of Mr. Justice GRAY to the Supreme Bench. Dr. POTTER is the rector of Grace Church, in the city of New York, one of the largest, most prosperous, and most fashionable of the city churches, and no minister is more beloved and respected by his people. In his religious denomination he is a Liberal Churchman rather than a High or Low Churchman, and for that reason he is obnoxious to no ecclesiastical party.

This position is not of design, but results from personal character. No clergyman has been more severely tried by the perils of prosperity, and none has more simply and naturally surmounted them. His church is proverbially conservative. His own parish is, for a favorite pastor, a Sybaris. But Dr. POTTER has kept his church in the van of all good and charitable and humane enterprises. The poor and the suffering and the needy have always found his voice to be their voice, and his hand their hand, and in his devotion to the essential duties of a Christian pastor he has had no time, nor has he had the taste, for ecclesiastical bickerings.

What Dr. POTTER has been as the pastor of a parish he will undoubtedly be as the bishop of a diocese—not so much an ecclesiastic as a liberal and humane religious leader, by his catholic spirit and his wise and generous activity bringing all other churches into sympathy, although not into communion, with his own. The community as well as his Church may well be congratulated upon his elevation.

A GOOD NOMINATION.

IT is a pleasure and a duty to commend such a nomination as that of Mr. JESSE JOHNSON for the Supreme Judgeship in the Second District of New York. He seems to possess every quality which is desirable upon the bench—perfect integrity, sound legal learning, the judicial mind, professional experience, vigorous health, urbanity of manner, intellectual independence; and while of Republican sympathies, he is entirely free from entangling political alliances. The State will be fortunate should the people of the Second District elect Mr. JOHNSON.

THE PEOPLE AND THE NEWTOWN STENCHES.

Two or three years ago we united with other journals, and with a great number of respectable and intelligent citizens, in exposing the dangerous nuisance of the Hunter's Point and Newtown Creek stench factories. They pollute the water and the air around the city, and breed and aggravate disease as well as desolate whole neighborhoods with sickening and stifling odors. The subject was brought to the attention of the Governor, who requested the State Board of Health to investigate. The Board reported that everything which had been stated was true, and the Governor ordered the pest-breeders to consume their refuse or to close their works.

Of course they paid no heed to the summons, and the poisoning process continued. But the people of the immediate neighborhood in Kings and Queens counties decided not to submit longer, and they have procured the indictment of the nuisances by the Grand Jury. Governor CLEVELAND also, like his predecessor, has issued a stringent order, which the officers have enforced, and it will now be seen whether the people have any rights which sludge-pouring and fat-boiling and pest-breeding establishments can be compelled to respect.

The Health Boards of Kings and Queens had ordered the factories to be closed until the causes of complaint were removed. They were, however, kept hard at work during the night, and a detective, having obtained admission only by showing his shield and revolver, found at one factory several tons of horse-flesh and the remains of other animals spread upon wooden platforms, covered with sludge acid, and left to decompose in the sun. It is not surprising that the neighbors felt that the time had come for trying again which is strongest, an unscrupulous corporation or company, or the people. We shall not omit to note the progress of this contest.

THE PRESIDENT UPON BURNSIDE.

THE President's recent remarks at the laying of the corner-stone of the Burnside Memorial Hall in Bristol, Rhode Island, were a very felicitous and just description of a most honorable and patriotic citizen. He said:

"I heartily join with you in paying tribute to the memory of that distinguished citizen of Rhode Island whose name yonder structure is henceforth privileged to bear. So long as it shall endure it will in some degree serve to perpetuate the fame of a soldier faithful to his trusts, whose courage found its only rival in his modesty, of a statesman whose every act was prompted by the loftiest patriotism, and of an earnest, sincere, and manly gentleman who abounded in all courtesy, who scorned all deceit, and who never failed to follow in the path of duty whithersoever it led."

PERSONAL.

HAPPY is the artist who lives in a house which he himself has built and adorned. Mr. SAMUEL COLMAN'S new house at Newport is a charming specimen of old colonial architecture. The oaken wood-work of its spacious Jacobean hall is slightly stained, so as to suggest neither red nor green, but to remain pleasantly neutral; and the bricks of its flooring, each twelve inches square, have been waxed and tinted to a painter's admiration. Throughout the building the ornamental porcelains are Chinese and Japanese exclusively, creating a harmony far out of reach of any juxtaposition of English and Eastern products of the pottery. The tone of the library is a black-blue, and the curious ceiling of Moorish design consists mainly of Eastern silks of various hues and embroidered devices. In the drawing-room the mural decoration illustrates the Persian idea of a mosaic of one tone against another, instead of the Occidental idea of a mixture of tones, and is a tireless study of rose and buff—two colors in the play of which an artist has a natural delight. The richly furnished studio is done on a scheme of the color of old armor—somewhat in the spirit of the Veterans' Room in the Seventh Regiment Armory.

—The head of GEORGE WASHINGTON on the new two-cent postage stamp was engraved by that venerable Academician Mr. ALFRED JONES, from the celebrated mask which was taken from life by the French sculptor HOUDON. This mask, for a long time in the possession of CLARK MILLS, the sculptor, was given by him to another sculptor, Mr. WILSON MACDONALD, and then cast in bronze by Mr. MAURICE J. POWER. Mr. WILLIAM PAGE'S portrait of WASHINGTON was painted from it, and from it also was modelled Mr. WILLIAM R. O'DONOVAN'S colossal statue which now stands in the public square of Caracas, Venezuela.

—Mr. THEODORE THOMAS'S personal friends express their satisfaction over the financial success of his late series of ninety or more concerts. They say that the series has made him almost rich, and they declare that they are glad of it.

—Dr. PUSEY still lives, since $125,000 have been collected during the last year for the Pusey Memorial Fund, and $125,000 more are expected to be raised this year.

—M. RENAN on princes: "A prince belongs *ipso facto* to the profession of arms; a great prince may be and ought to be a protector of literature; he should not be a man of letters. AUGUSTUS and LOUIS XIV., presiding over a splendid development of the intellect, are, next to the cities of genius, like Athens and Florence, the finest spectacle in history; NERO, CHILPERIC, King LOUIS of Bavaria, are but caricatures."

—Professor W. G. SUMNER'S able and brief treatise on *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other* leads the *Eclectic Magazine* to wish that a copy of it could be put into the hands of every thinking man in America, because "it would help to clear up cloudy and sophistical reasoning on subjects where false conclusions tend to disturb the practical harmony of things. After the great mass of platitudes, sentiment, and wild rubbish which has been talked and written on the various social and industrial problems of the time, this little book comes like a burst of sunlight."

—The position of foreigners in China is again becoming precarious. Less than fifty years ago English merchants in that country were often glad to give up every dollar in their possession in order to save their lives; and the rights won by them and other Europeans were secured only after persistent struggles with the treachery and hatred of the Celestials.

—An American lady having complained that she could find no one to tell her where George Eliot is buried in Highgate Cemetery, is assured by a correspondent that a simple granite obelisk in that quiet and little frequented grave-yard marks the spot, and can easily be found.

—It is the universal experience of mankind, observes a late essayist, that "those whose lives are spent among hardships and dangers soon lose perception of the elements of beauty or romance which accompany them, and are sensible only of the stern realities of their lot." This, doubtless, explains why Cunard captains are proverbially so indifferent to the belles of the voyage.

—The new Luther Hall in the venerable town of Wittenberg consists of the Reformer's lecture-room, and of the six rooms adjoining it which he and his wife and his six children inhabited.

—From the London *Times* of September 14: "The fact that every Englishman carries his partiality for British beer with him into the remotest corners of the earth accounts for the enormous export trade which is carried on in that commodity."

—We are sorry to read in the *Athenæum* that the proposed fund for the financial benefit of Mr. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER "seems" to be making progress. We wish there could be no doubt about the matter. Hundreds of persons whose chief glory came from their success in killing people have had funds raised for them, but Mr. TUPPER never harmed a human being.

—An amateur fisherman on board a smack in the North Sea describes his life as "rough in the extreme." Fresh-water was carried only for drinking, and when he wished to take his bath he disrobed himself on deck, and got one of the sailors to hurl water at him from buckets. "This kind of bath is extremely bracing. The sailors will put themselves to any trouble for you, and I regularly took my twenty buckets or so two or three times a day." His breakfast consisted of fried fish—fresh from the sea, crisp and delicious, and cooked in suet—hard biscuits, and tea strong and warm; his dinner of salt beef, potatoes, and suet dumpling. He caught large numbers of turbot, soles, cod, flounders, and haddock.

—ALFONSO refers to his wife as "the Austrian princess who assists me in the duties of my royal office."

—A recent writer on gloves mentions a pair into which some irritant powder had been put for the purpose of injuring the hands of a lady to whom they were to be sent; another pair filled with gold, and offered to a judge; and a third pair which WAGNER put on when he desired to express his contempt for MENDELSSOHN, whose symphony he was about to conduct at a Philharmonic concert.

—Mr. DUTTON COOK, the dramatic critic and novelist, died of heart-disease on the steps of the front porch of his house. A servant inside the building heard the door-bell ring, and, on answering it, found her master lying on the stones. He was dead before a physician could reach him. Mr. COOK did a great deal of solid work in his profession, and some of it will be of value to the future historian of the English stage.

—Says the Lahore (India) *Gazette*: "The best magazine article on an Indian topic that has appeared for some little while is one published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for June. If the writers who overload English periodicals with their disquisitions on local autonomy for India, or with forebodings on the state of Indian finance, only knew as much and wrote as cleverly as the author of the HARPER'S paper on "Indian Art in Metal and Wood," the English public, instead of being bored by India, would perhaps be both interested and enlightened."

—A transparently simple passage from a current novel: "'Love,' said the ardent, impassioned Bertha, 'pure and in its initiative, bestowed on a worthy object, will leaven that object to its own nature, and then rise with it. Set on an unworthy one, of whom the estimate in its crude state exceeded its intrinsic worth, it may run riot; but that will scarcely affect the ardor of the passion, which, in its intensity, provided it find even but a slight basis to work on, will still elevate the object, at least to its own ideal; to do otherwise, it would cease to be love.' 'On the contrary,' interposed Harriet, 'it is itself subordinated, for, according to your theorism, assimilating itself to its idol, whom it first endows with unreal and even theocratic attributes, it so thoroughly inheres therein that it loses its own identity.'" Harriet here stops a moment, presumably for a short visit to the pantry.

—The invalid's room (writes a late essayist) is usually the depository of a great deal of gossip. For the amusement of an invalid many people think it justifiable to make a good story a little better, and they will speak uncharitably of others in order to be charitable to the sick. After maligning his neighbors in the most flagrant manner, a man will leave the chamber of an invalid priding himself on having perpetrated an act of mercy. The patient must be made to laugh, at whatever cost, and he in turn is tempted to entertain others with gossip at second hand, as it is the only manner in which he can repay his visitors for their kindness in coming to see him. It is not an uncommon thing for an invalid's room to be a regular hot-bed of gossip and scandal.

—JOHN BRIGHT on Lord RIPON, the Governor-General of India: "I have known Lord RIPON ever since he was a child. A short time before he started for India I met him one day in Piccadilly, and asked him about his appointment. 'Rest assured,' he said, 'that any change in my religious belief [he had just become a Catholic] has made no change in my political principles. I have been offered by Mr. GLADSTONE this great appointment, and I will try to discharge its duties faithfully.'"

—"From the first," says Mr. GLADSTONE, "I have watched the temperance question with great interest, but I am bound to say that no phase of it ever yielded me so much satisfaction as the sight of large numbers of ministers of all denominations, and of course still larger numbers of members of perhaps all the churches, wearing the blue ribbon: it is an exceedingly gratifying circumstance, and speaks well for the future."

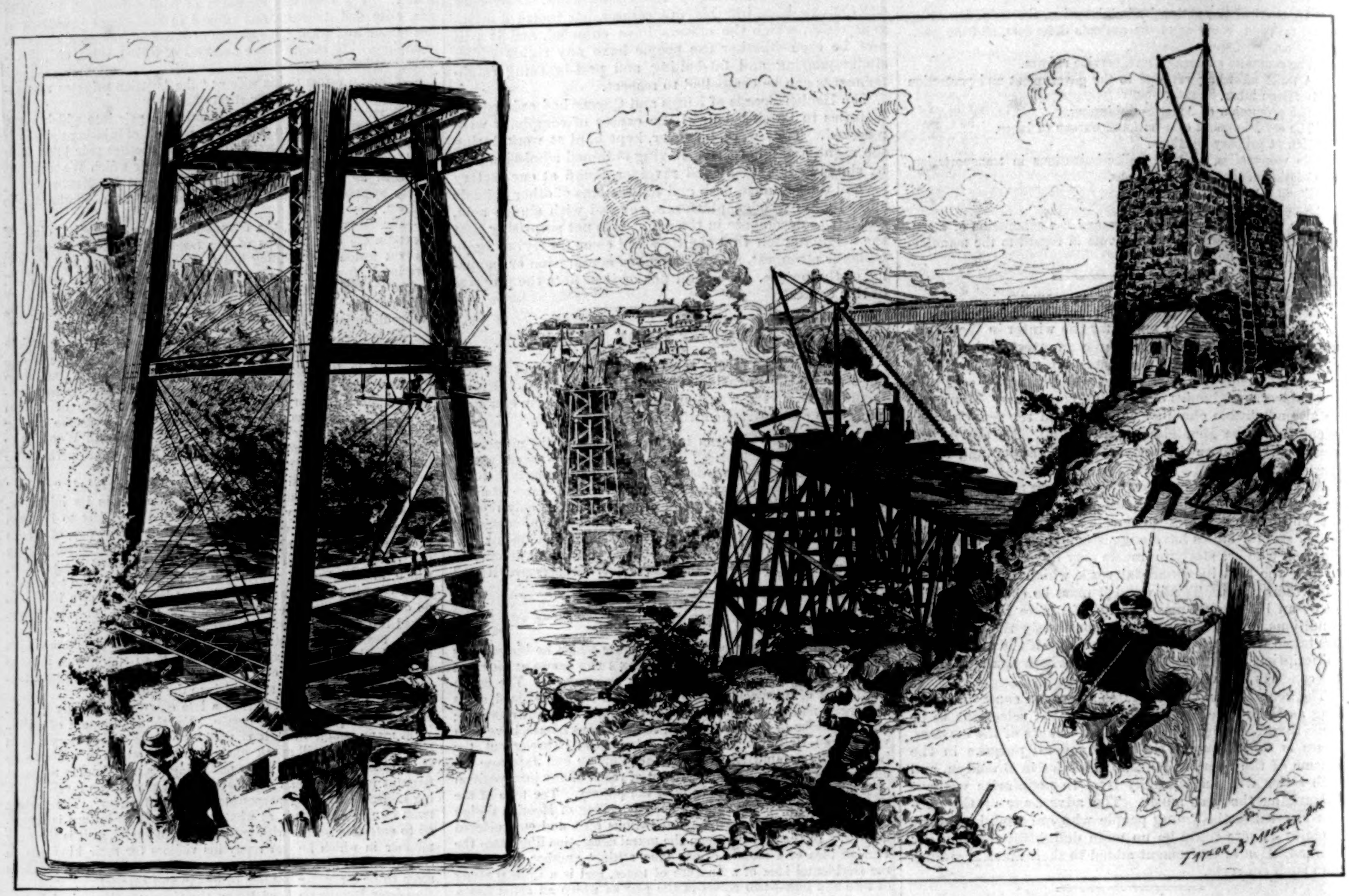
—A traveller ascending the Himalayas, and when near the top, was enveloped by a sudden and violent storm, which obliged him to turn back and seek the refuge of his camp, but he found no more difficulty in breathing at a height of 22,500 feet than at a height of 12,500 feet. He saw but little game, although lucky enough to get a fine ounce, or snow-leopard.

—The Hon. Secretary of the London Swimming Club writes to the London *Times* that most of the accidental drownings on the English coast are erroneously attributed to cramp. "I have for a period of twenty years had communication with immense bodies of habitual bathers, and, except in one case, where a man had overtrained for a match, I never heard of a case of cramp, and in that case it did not prevent the man's winning the race." The chief cause of accidental drownings he believes to be "that men do not accustom themselves to the water," and when once they lose their presence of mind, "which is caused sometimes by a mere trifle, if help is not at hand to re-assure them, drowning is almost inevitable."

—An able French essayist, M. ÉMILE MONTÉGUT, who understands SHAKSPEARE, and has translated him into French, went recently to see a performance of *Macbeth* on the stage. Confessing to a friend his disappointment at what he had seen, he added: "SHAKSPEARE is too great a poet not to lose much in the theatre. It is right that SHAKSPEARE'S plays should be acted, but on this condition, that it is clearly understood beforehand what he loses by it. When one truly knows the great poet it is interesting to learn what are the purely physical emotions the acted scene can give. But those who know the poet only in the theatre carry away with them the most false and narrow idea of his work."

—Mr. THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY, author of *English Literature in the Eighteenth Century*, has received from a distinguished French author and professor, M. KRANTZ, a proposal to have that excellent and very successful book translated into the French language. There are no works of that class in that language, and M. KRANTZ expresses a belief that a signal service would be rendered to men of letters in France by a translation of Mr. PERRY'S treatise. It will be noticed that M. KRANTZ does not propose to pirate the book.

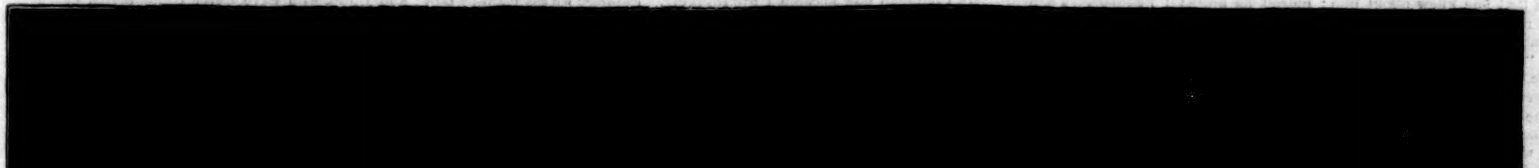
—The "Veiled Prophet," a mysterious personage of St. Louis, made a triumphal march through the streets of that city on the evening of Tuesday, the 2d inst. The throngs of people who witnessed the procession were unparalleled for number and enthusiasm. The Prophet and his high-priests, heralds, standard-bearers, etc., led the line, which was several miles in length. Following his gorgeous chariot was a long succession of floats, representing scenes of Fairy-land, with Queen Mab, who was seated in a nut-shaped chariot drawn by mice, and other characters from fairy-lore. A colossal figure of Jack the Giant-Killer was among the attractions of the procession. The brewers furnished a set of "floats" illustrating beer in all its stages, from its birth as John Barleycorn to the time when it disappears from the foaming beakers. The St. Louis Quilting Company showed the old process of making quilts by hand as compared with that by which modern machinery turns them out by thousands. Some tobacco firms had floats preparing tobacco, and threw out papers of the Indian weed to the multitudes on the line of march. Almost every large factory in the city was represented, and Veiled Prophet night was a night of glory.



BRIDGING NIAGARA AGAIN.—DRAWN BY TAYLOR AND MEEKER.—[SEE PAGE 654.]

PROCESSION OF THE "VEILED PROPHET," ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE ST. LOUIS AUTOTYPE COMPANY.—[SEE PAGE 643.]

"DURING DINNER HE SPOKE LITTLE, AND TURNED OFF WITH A GOOD DEAL OF QUIET TACT THE DIRECT INVITATIONS ADDRESSED TO HIM ACROSS THE TABLE BY LADY CONSTANCE."—[SEE SERIAL "THIRLBY HALL," PAGE 646.]



LAWRENCE BARRETT IN THE CHARACTER OF LANCIOTTO—LAST SCENE IN THE PLAY OF "FRANCESCA DA RIMINI."—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.—[SEE PAGE 651.]

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHAPMAN LETS ME INTO A SECRET.

If the reader ever owned a dog of uncertain lineage and unsatisfactory points, he will doubtless have acquiesced sadly and humbly in any adverse criticisms passed upon his property by—let us say Smith, who is a competent judge and the reader's very good friend. But if the ignorant and officious Jones should have ventured to pronounce an unsolicited verdict to the same effect, the case will certainly have assumed an altogether different complexion. Under such circumstances the cur ceases suddenly to be a cur, and develops into a valuable animal; what looked like blemishes just now become positive beauties; the dog is a first-rate dog—is, at all events, better than any dog that Jones ever had, or is likely to have. Thus my opinion of the dubious Chapman, which had sunk very nearly to zero under the influence of Lady Constance's contemptuous remarks, rose many degrees the moment that Mr. Sotheran thought fit to announce that the stranger did not possess his esteem. "Puisque Philippe dit non, moi je dis oui!" cried the citizen who recorded his vote after that of the Duke of Orleans upon the question of the postponement of the King's execution; and when Mr. Sotheran, who, from living in the same hotel as Chapman, had various opportunities of studying his merits and demerits, declared that he had "taken the man's measure," and didn't care about associating with him, I asked no better reason for asserting boldly that there was nothing whatever amiss with the man, that he was capital company, and that I hoped he would be induced to make a long stay at Franzenshöhe.

Now it was perfectly true that Chapman was capital company, and, whether his history and occupations would have borne looking into or not, it was difficult to help liking him. I had seen a good deal of him during the week that had elapsed between his first reception by Lady Constance and his condemnation by the illustrious Sotheran, and I had found him not only clever and amusing, but in a somewhat special degree amiably disposed toward myself. There was a shade of deprecation, too, in his bearing which appealed to one's generous impulses. "I know I am an outcast," his manner sometimes seemed to say; "I am aware that my antecedents are shady enough to justify you in showing me the cold shoulder; but at least I have done you no harm, and if it pleases you to come every now then and talk to a poor devil who is out of luck, I don't see why I should send you away." Probably he guessed that Lady Constance had told me all that she knew about him: indeed, he hinted as much; though he was not inclined to be communicative about himself.

"I have had a hard life, Maxwell," he said to me one day; "and, for the matter of that, I have lived hard. When one has reached middle age, one can't turn back and begin all over again. You must take a man of forty as you would take a wife, for better or worse; there's no use in finding fault with him. Luckily he has this great point of superiority over a wife, that if you don't like him you can leave him."

I assured Chapman, with such circumlocution as the case seemed to require, that I did not mean to leave him. Independently of the bias in his favor with which Mr. Sotheran had unwittingly furnished me, I felt greatly drawn to this inoffensive *déclassé*. He never sought my society, but he was evidently grateful for it, and I did what was in my power toward making the place pleasant to him. I could not well introduce him to Lord Rossan; but I made him acquainted with Pemberton, by whom, however, I was disappointed to find that he was not met in a spirit of confidence. Pemberton, who had seen men and cities, had a holy horror of what he called "casual Englishmen," and strongly advised me to avoid intimacy with this one. "He'll want to borrow money of you before long," said he; "and one of these mornings he'll disappear, leaving his tradesmen to send their little accounts in to you. You see if he doesn't!"

Lady Constance was less particular. She did not take much notice of Chapman, but she made no objection to receiving him, and treated him, upon the whole, very much as she treated the other frequenters of her drawing-room. After a certain lapse of time she observed to me that if he intended to make a long stay he might as well be presented to her brother, and replied to my demurrer by incontinently asking him to dinner. Rather to my surprise, he accepted the invitation. I should have mentioned that Lady Constance was in the habit of occasionally bidding friends to partake of her brother's hospitality, and that this privilege of hers had never been called in question, though it was plain enough that her sister-in-law only lent it an unwilling countenance. As for Lord Rossan, he was the most easy-going of men up to a certain point; but, perhaps for that very reason, it was not prudent to take liberties with him. Lady Constance had taken an unquestionable liberty in forcing him to receive Mr. Chapman, and both she and her guest were made to understand this. When Chapman presented himself, looking very like a gentleman in his well-fitting evening clothes, he was greeted by a cold bow from his host, a still colder one from his hostess, and was left to his own devices.

This behavior, which made me uncomfortable and Lady Constance angry, did not in the least disturb Chapman's calm. During dinner he spoke little, and turned off with a good deal of quiet tact the direct invitations addressed to him across the table by Lady Constance to show some resentment for the slight put upon him. An attitude of dignified reserve was, no doubt, the most becoming that he could have assumed under the circumstances; what I did not quite understand was why he should have voluntarily placed himself in so unpleasant and awkward a situation.

But as soon as the ladies had left us, he explained his conduct in a manner that fairly took my breath away by its audacity. He rose from his place, walked up to the head of the table, where Lord Rossan was sitting, and said:

"I owe you an apology, my lord, for intruding upon you this evening. You have shown me in the plainest possible way that I have been guilty of an intrusion, and I fully admit it. When Lady Constance Milner was kind enough to ask me to dinner, I only accepted in order to have an opportunity—which I could not otherwise have found—of saying personally to you how vexed I have been to think that one of your attachés should have so nearly got into a scrape through my stupidity. It is disagreeable enough to have to confess that one has been drawn into bad company one's self; but it would have been inexcusable to drag a young fellow and a total stranger into the mess, if one had done such a thing intentionally. I only wished to say for myself that I am really innocent of that offense, and also to express my regret for the whole affair, which, I assure you, can not have caused you greater annoyance than it has me."

With that he bowed, nodded and smiled to me as he passed my chair, and made as though he would leave the room.

Lord Rossan's hostility was disarmed at once. His generous Irish nature, which was but thinly overlaid with an acquired diplomatic veneer, would never have suffered him to turn a friendless man away from his table; nor could he in justice hold Chapman responsible for Lady Constance's breach of propriety.

"Sit down, my dear sir," he exclaimed, rising and hastily intercepting his guest's retreat; "pray sit down again, and don't trouble yourself any more about that unlucky business. Dear me! haven't we all been in queer company once or twice in our lives? Wait now till I tell ye a story about the Bishop of Derry and a thimble-rigger, who took him to task for preaching against Punchestown Races."

His good-humor and his brogue had returned simultaneously, and in another five minutes Chapman and he were discussing horseflesh and steeple-chasing as if they had been friends all their lives. But Pemberton, who had watched the scene with an ironical smile, whispered to me, "All very fine; but if he was so desperately anxious to apologize, what hindered him from sending in his card and asking for an interview? I should laugh if he were to do dear old Rossan out of a twenty-pound note after this."

No such source of merriment was provided for Pemberton's benefit. Mr. Chapman now became a tolerably constant visitor at the Legation, and as he was careful never to present himself in Lord Rossan's quarter of the building without a distinct invitation, and was invariably agreeable and unobtrusive when he came, the obscurity which hung over his antecedents (and which he made no attempt to diminish) was soon forgotten.

For my own part, I ended by finding it rather strange that he should never by word or hint have betrayed who he was or where he came from. Chance acquaintances are not, of course, expected to produce immediate vouchers for their respectability; still, there are few people with whom one can associate upon terms of intimacy for a month without hearing something of their belongings and ordinary pursuits. At the expiration of that period I had told Chapman the whole, or nearly the whole, of my own history, and in some parts of it he had seemed to be greatly interested. At last there came an evening in midwinter when he abruptly broached the mysterious subject.

"I dare say you have often wondered, Maxwell," said he, "why I have listened quietly to all that you have told me about your concerns, and have never said a word to you in return about mine."

We were sitting before the fire in his little *salon* at the Römischer Hof, whither we had returned after spending the afternoon in skating. I did not quite know what reply to make, so I adopted the safe course of making none.

"You see," he continued, "my affairs are not quite so pleasant to talk over as yours. I am like your unfortunate cousin; I have been under a cloud pretty nearly all my life."

"But not for the same reason, I am sure," observed I, wishing to say something pleasant, and succeeded in saying quite the most awkward thing that I could have hit upon.

Chapman drew the tip of his waxed mustache through his white fingers, and looked at the fire. "I thought," said he, "that you considered your cousin's sin sufficiently punished by now."

"So I do; I shouldn't allow it to make the slightest difference in my behavior to him if we met. Only, between ourselves, you know, he must have been a queer customer at one time."

"Ah, that is modern Christianity all over! One may forgive, at a pinch, but one knows better than to forget. And yet the theory, I believe, is that you may commit any sin under the sun, and it will not only be forgiven, but absolutely obliterated, if you go down on your knees, and confess, and repent. It is easy enough, you see, to square our little account with Heaven; but when it comes to applying the same rule to our own conduct—*pas si bête!*"

I was not concerned to point out the fallacy of this reasoning; but I thought there was something to be said on the side of those who, having been once bitten, are twice shy. "The difficulty is," I remarked, "to judge whether repentance is sincere."

"Do you mean seriously to tell me that that would affect the matter one way or the other?"

"I think it would, certainly."

"Well, I believe your cousin's repentance is sincere; in fact, I am sure it is. I ought to know as much about it as anybody, because I am the man."

This was said so tranquilly that I did not at first realize the meaning of the words, and took it that Chapman was merely implying by a figure of speech that his history and my cousin's were in some respects identical. But he did not suffer me to remain much longer in doubt. "I assure you I am speaking the truth," he said, with a rather amused look.

I suppose it is only exceptionally gifted persons who can find appropriate words in which to express their feelings when confronted with a startling disclosure. I have noticed that most people in moments of sudden emotion say something utterly ridiculous, as I did upon the present occasion. What I said in my bewilderment was: "By George! Then your name isn't Chapman at all!"

"Certainly not," he replied, composedly; "my name is Le Marchant, and I use it—sometimes. Chapman is the same name with another derivation, you know." And then, after a momentary silence: "I have astonished you more than I expected to do; it seemed to me that you must have had some suspicion of this."

I shook my head energetically. "Never!—never for a single moment! I'm awfully glad to see you, you know," I added, making an effort to rise to the level of the occasion, but still oppressed with a painful sense of inability to grasp my companion's identity. And then we shook hands, and Harry, as I must now call him, heaved a deep sigh.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" I asked.

"It would be more to the purpose to ask why I have told you now, wouldn't it? Well, I don't know why, except that I felt it would be too bad to go on deceiving you. Of course I would rather have held my tongue. I am a miserable, lonely sort of beggar; I haven't many friends in the world—or rather, I have none; and you and I got on well together: perhaps I may say that we have liked each other. Now there will have to be an end of all that."

"How an end? I don't understand what you mean," said I. "If we were friends before, we must be doubly friends now—naturally."

"I don't know about naturally," observed Harry, with a faint smile. "To my mind, it wouldn't be a very natural kind of friendship. Why, only a few minutes ago you said you were sure I had never been guilty of such an offense as your cousin's. Well, now you know that I *was* guilty of that same offense. It stands to reason that you must have a proportionately lower opinion of me."

"Not a bit!" I declared, sturdily. "That doesn't follow at all."

"Excuse me, my dear fellow, but it must follow. Besides, I can see by your face what you are thinking. Suppose we say good-by now; and I'll promise to clear out of Franzenshöhe in a day or two."

"You jump to conclusions in such a frantic hurry," I complained, "that you don't give me time to collect my ideas. I haven't said how delighted I am to have discovered you at last; but surely, after all that I have told you, you must understand that. You may be sure that I shall not rest now till I have got you back to Thirlby again."

"I hope," broke in Harry, quickly, "that you don't think I have revealed myself to you with any expectation of your carrying out those quixotic plans you spoke to me of."

"Quixotic or not, I mean to carry them out, I can tell you," said I.

"You must not think of it. I won't say anything about my having forfeited my birthright, because, after all, that is a point about which I am not quite so certain. I won't say either that you have been kind to me, and that therefore it would go against the grain with me to cut you out of your property; but I will give you two reasons for keeping what I have told you to yourself—a good one and a better one. I don't want Thirlby; I haven't the smallest wish to be a country squire in a neighborhood where everybody would cut me: that is the good reason. The better one is that, however much I might covet the place, no power on earth would induce my father to leave it to me. If I know anything of him, he would sooner see me starve."

"Perhaps you don't know him so well," said I. "You can't know him so well as I do, or you would not speak of him in that way."

"We speak of him according to our different experiences of him, I suppose," said Harry, good-humoredly. "If you were to ask General Cavaignac and General St. Arnaud what they thought of Napoleon III., you would probably get two accounts of the same man which couldn't be made to fit in with each other in any way; and sometimes, when you have talked to me about your uncle, I have found it rather difficult to believe that you were describing my father. My father was very harsh to me when I was a boy," he added, in a graver tone, "and I can't forget it. As for his having cut me adrift afterward, nobody is likely to blame him for that."

"Well, perhaps he may have changed," I said. "However that may be, I know he has not finally made up his mind to disinherit you. He told me that it would make a difference, for instance, if you were to distinguish yourself in some way."

"Which I am so extremely likely to do! I have so many opportunities of distinguishing myself, have I not? You had better let him know that you have met me, and when he asks how and where, 'Oh, in a gambling-hell, half drunk, in company with three card-sharpers.' I should think you are certain to succeed in melting his resolution."

"Well," I said, not much liking these sneers, yet feeling that there was perhaps a little excuse for them, "you will give me leave to try, at all events."

"Indeed I will not," he returned; "that is the very thing that I am not going to do. Seriously, my dear Maxwell, I want you to understand that what I have told you must remain a profound secret. I trust to your honor not to mention it to anybody, here or elsewhere. In particular I wish you to keep it from Lady Constance Milner, who knows quite enough of me as Mr. Chapman, and who might get me into all kinds of trouble if she were to let out that my name is Harry Le Marchant."

I promised without hesitation not to say a word to anybody in Franzenshöhe, but declined to be put upon my honor as regarded keeping my uncle in ignorance. "It's absurd to ask such a thing," I said. "You ought to have made your conditions before you spoke."

He went on stroking his mustache with that shaky hand of his, and frowned thoughtfully at the glowing logs on the hearth. "I suppose I ought. Well, will you at least agree to keep my secret—after all, it is *my* secret, not yours—until I give you leave to make it known?"

"I won't agree to anything," I declared. "I might wait long enough before you gave me leave to help you. The English of all this is that you don't want to deprive me of what you are pleased to consider my rights, whereas I don't mean to deprive you of what I know are yours."

"Don't talk such unutterable bosh," he retorted, sharply. "What, in the name of goodness, do you take me for? I tell you I am nothing but an adventurer; and as for a conscience, I haven't been able to afford such a thing for years. Pray don't run away with the notion that I should abandon any of my rights, or other people's rights either, if I could get hold of them. And don't imagine that you would render me the smallest service by letting my father know that you had come across me: it would be all the other way. He is aware that I am alive; what more have you to tell him, by way of inducing him to receive me again, except that I sometimes go about under a feigned name, and that, after associating with me for a few weeks, you haven't yet had your pocket picked?"

There seemed to be something in that. I said, "All right; I'll hold my tongue for the present; but I won't commit myself to anything more than that."

Harry made an impatient gesture, as who should say, "Take your way, then." Presently he resumed: "All things considered, I am glad to have made a clean breast of it to you, and I am glad, too, that you don't feel yourself called upon to drop my acquaintance. If you would let me know sometimes when you are passing through London, it would be a kindness. You can't, of course, understand what an immense boon it is to a castaway, such as I am, to be allowed to talk to a gentleman again." He paused, and then added, in a lower tone, "It can't be very easy, either, for you, who have never committed a dishonorable action in your life, to understand how I came to ruin myself as I did in years gone by. Well, perhaps, least said, soonest mended."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that," I exclaimed. "By-gones are by-gones; let us agree never to refer to them again. And look here," I added, moved by a sudden and perhaps rather foolish impulse to make him feel more upon an equality with me—"you are wrong in supposing that I have never done anything dishonorable. If I tell you something about myself which I have never told to any one else, will you promise to keep my secret? You see I make my conditions beforehand."

He replied, with a look of some surprise, that I might rely upon his discretion; and then, half repenting already of what I was doing, I made a brief and hurried confession of my treachery to Maud, and my infatuation for Lady Constance. He did not appear to be astonished. He had seen from the first, he said, how matters were, "And as for your throwing Miss Dennison overboard, I must say that that doesn't seem to me such a terrible thing. There was no engagement, you say, and therefore there can be nothing dishonorable in your changing your mind, according to my lights. But then you will probably think that my lights are likely to be a little dim. Now, if you'll allow me, I'll give you a piece of advice. Don't be discouraged about Lady Constance. She is worth winning, for, independently of her personal attractions, about which I don't presume to offer an opinion, she is a woman who will get her husband on in the world, or know the reason why. Some day you will think more of that than you do now. And I don't see why you shouldn't win her. She will make a certain income a condition, I grant you; but you will have a good income."

"No, I shall not," I interrupted.

He smiled, and said we wouldn't discuss that. "And besides—what do I know?—she might be capable of marrying you without the income, for she is anything but mercenary by nature. Don't you despair, and don't lose patience."

This counsel was so very unlike what I should have expected to receive from any worldly-wise man that it fairly astounded me. Naturally, too, I was both pleased and encouraged by it, and for the next half-hour I forgot everything else in descanting upon the curious facility with which Lady Constance had bewitched me, and my powerlessness to resist her influence—to all of which Harry listened with a good deal of kindly toleration.

Not many days after this he left somewhat abruptly for London, whither he was summoned by business, which (as I gathered from what Lady Constance let fall) was connected with the financial operations already alluded to. He gave me the address of an eating-house in the City where he was always to be heard of. "For you won't require to be told that I don't belong to a club," he remarked, with a rather bitter little laugh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

THE CITY GOVERNMENT.

The population of New York has increased within the past twenty years about fifty per cent. The cost of its government has increased during the same period about three hundred and thirty per cent., and the amount paid for salaries four hundred and thirty-three per cent. Nevertheless, New York is to-day the dirtiest, the most expensive, the worst governed, and perhaps the most uncomfortable city which is inhabited by civilized men. It ought to be the healthiest city on the globe; instead of being so, it stands in this respect far down on the list. As the most democratic city in the world, its government should be purer than that of any other; instead, however, its officials, considered either as officials or as individuals, are, as a rule, less respectable persons than the officials of any other city; the greater part of its debt, said Governor TILDEN's City Commission, "represents a vast aggregate of moneys wasted, embezzled, or misapplied"; and in no city are official frauds, defalcations, and abuses so frequent, so shameless, and, it must be added, so quickly condoned or forgotten, as in New York. Within the past six months it has been discovered that there were thieving and black-mailing going on in the Commissioner of Jurors' office, that there had been great frauds committed in the Comptroller's office, and that the frankest sort of stealing was taking place in the Bureau of Water Register and in the Bureau of Arrears. These things are investigated and talked about, but the public would be much less surprised at the discovery of similar malfeasance in the other city departments than if the offenders should be brought to justice. We are callous to corruption, and the offenders and their offenses are quickly veiled by popular forgetfulness. Every day one may see on Broadway former city officers who resigned or were discharged in disgrace walking about apparently as prosperous and as happy as if there was no such thing as disgrace in the world. The stealing is not, however, all direct stealing. We support great numbers of superfluous officials, and we pay innumerable salaries the amounts of which are simply outrageous.

The clerks of justices' courts, for example, receive three and four thousand dollars a year, and we pay the aldermen two thousand dollars for two or three hours a week of mischief-making. These latter gentlemen do so little good that we are apt to think them harmless, and to forget for how much positive evil they are responsible. We owe to them the continual disorder of the streets, and their misuse of the power of confirmation is notorious. Mayor EDSON, in a quasi-apology for some scandalous nomination made by him, intimated that he could get nothing done without coming down to the level of the Board of Aldermen; and probably no improvement in the administration of city affairs will be practicable until their power of confirmation is taken away. Thirteen of the present Board are liquor-dealers; and it is a matter of common gossip that it has long been necessary in order to get any measure through the Board to resort to bribery. It is not called by that name—Heaven forbid!—but to carry your measure you must "retain counsel."

The retainers are very large, in order, as one of these "counsel" explained, that there may be "so much for each alderman in the majority," and a moiety as compensation for his own services. The aldermanic view of legislation is illustrated by a story, said to be true, of a reputable lawyer who wanted some measure passed by the Board, but found that he must either pay for it roundly, or else slip it through "unbeknownst" to them. He accordingly prepared an innocent-looking resolution, which was introduced and passed. No sooner had the passage been announced than one meditative alderman jumped up, and slapping the table, cried out, in the most chagrined tones, "My God, boys, there was money into that thing!" meaning thereby that he and his friends had lost an opportunity to plunder. There is one other form of indirect corruption which is carried to such an extent in New York as to be almost peculiar to it, namely, the practice of assessing candidates for office. This practically amounts to auctioning off the nominations to certain offices to the highest bidder. There are now in one of the upper courts of New York city two judges, one of whom is reported to have mortgaged his salary for a term of years in order to pay his assessment, and the other of whom is said to have paid twenty-five thousand dollars in cash for his nomination—not directly, that would have been flagrant, but in the form of an "assessment."

The causes of all these conditions lie in the fact that in New York city local self-government has been practically abolished, and all proper civic feeling consequently weakened or destroyed; in the fact of the intermixture of municipal with State and national politics; and in the enormous development in the city administration of the spoils system. All the laws for the city of New York are made, not by its own citizens, but by the Legislature at Albany, and to this fact is to be attributed the number of bad laws and the great confusion of all the laws relating to the city. Governor TILDEN's Commission said upon this point, in 1877: "It may be true that the first attempts to secure legislative intervention in the local affairs of our principal cities were made by good citizens in the supposed interest of reform and good government, and to counteract the schemes of corrupt officials. The notion that legislative control was the proper remedy was a serious mistake. The corrupt cliques and rings thus sought to be baffled were quick to perceive that in the business of procuring special laws concerning local affairs they could easily outmatch the fitful and clumsy labors of disinterested citizens. The transfer of the control of the municipal resources from the localities to the capital had no other effect than to cause a like transfer of the methods and arts of corruption.

"If any one questions the mischievous results of these practices [legislative interference], he has but to note the increase of debt and taxation in the city of New York from 1860 to the present time [1877], during which legislative intervention in the local affairs of that city has been most extensively asserted. The debt has increased from eighteen millions to one hundred and thirteen millions, and taxation for annual expenditures from nine to twenty-eight millions."

The transfer of the battle-ground for honest government of the city to Albany has made it so difficult to fix the responsibility for bad measures, and rendered the whole contest so difficult, that good citizens have generally given up the endeavor, and been contented to leave the contest in the hands of the national parties. Those citizens, moreover, who really desire good government are so absorbed in their own affairs that they are unable to compete with those to whom politics is a means of livelihood. They become disheartened, and therefore inefficient, and they are very apt to be hopelessly blinded by their affiliations with the national political parties, so that when the opportunity to do a good piece of political work is presented to them, they can hardly be induced to take advantage of it. Last year, for instance, the Citizens' Committee presented candidates for office, all of whom, but particularly the judicial candidates, were incomparably the superiors of their competitors. Yet thousands of reputable Democrats voted for the inferior candidates because they thought that they might otherwise "hurt their State ticket." How, none of them ever specified.

So this year the citizens have again an opportunity to rescue the Board of Aldermen, and to elect four judges, and yet it is uncertain whether they will act. The prime cause, however, of most of the waste and extravagance in the city government, and the direct cause of such scandals and corruption as have lately been unearthed in the bureaus of Water Register and of Arrears, in the Commissioner of Jurors' and the Comptroller's offices, is the treatment of public offices as the private property of political parties, by means of which they pay debts, and for whose benefit they are to be administered.

The first object of an employé in the Chemical Bank, for example, is to attend to his business, and if he fails to do it he is found out and discharged. But the first object of an employé in the Comptroller's or Sheriff's office, on the other side of Broadway, is not at all to attend to his proper business, but to attend to the business of his particular faction. If he is negligent, or if he steals, forges bonds, or levies black-mail, the chances are that his superiors are too much occupied with primaries, deals, and "seeing the boys" to find him out, and he is not discharged.

We need to have business in the City Hall managed just like business in the bank, whereas, under the present system, employés of the city are furnished with every facility for being corrupt, and with every inducement to regard their official duties as of secondary importance. The remedy is to apply the principles of civil service reform to the city government. Such a reformation is needed quite as much in New York as it ever was at Washington. Under Chapter 354 of the laws of 1883 the Mayor has the power to begin the reform, and if he is correctly reported as saying that the recent exposures "have made him sick at heart," we may hope that it will be begun, and that he will use all his influence to secure the additional legislation needed to place the administration of the city government upon precisely the same basis as that of any other business corporation. Then, and not until then, we may be reasonably sure that the next six months will not bear such fruit of scandals as the last.

The remedy for legislative interference is provided by a proposed amendment to the Constitution, which comes finally before the Legislature at its next session. This, in substance, guarantees to cities the right of municipal self-government, republican in form, and restricts the power of the Legislature to the enactment of general laws in reference thereto. It prescribes that it shall be the duty of the Legislature to provide for the organization of cities and incorporated villages, and to restrict their power of taxation, etc., by the passage of general laws only, applicable alike to all incorporated cities, and that the Legislature shall not pass any special or local bill affecting the municipal government of a city.

It also provides that "no city shall increase its permanent debt, or raise the rate of taxation above that prevailing at the time of the adoption of the amendment, or undertake new public works, or direct public funds into new channels of expenditures, or issue its bonds, other than revenue bonds, until the act authorizing the same shall have been published for at least three months, and thereafter submitted to the people of the city at a general election, and received a majority of all the votes cast for and against it at such election."

The adoption of this amendment would be a long step forward. The good people of New York should see to it that it is passed by the next Legislature; and as after its adoption it will be too late for the Legislature to undo the evil it has done, they should also see to it that the charter is amended this winter by providing: 1, that the Mayor shall have the power to appoint the heads of departments absolutely, and to remove them without trial—then, if improper appointments are made, the responsibility for them will be clear; 2, that there shall be only single heads of the city departments; 3, that the election for city officers shall take place in March or April. Only by a spring election can the selection of municipal officers be dissevered from the overshadowing influences, the passions, and the intrigues of national politics. The allegation that the people can not be induced to come out for a spring election, and did not do so when such elections were held, is incorrect, and the statistics do not bear it out. The condition of the government of the city of New York is well known. If the respectable people of the city desire to better it, these remedies, which are those generally agreed upon by those who have most carefully studied the subject, are within their grasp. If the people want good government they can have it.

FREDERICK W. WHITRIDGE.

MACKEREL-FISHING.

"LOOK at that fleet of yachts!" exclaimed a New-Yorker, as he stood on the rocky shore near Booth's Bay, on the coast of Maine.

"Those be mackerel b-o-a-ts," remarked an old lobsterman, who was mending his pots close by. "There's nasty weather comin'," continued the old sea-dog, "or them fellows wouldn't be makin' harbor."

True to his prediction, the "nasty weather" soon came in the form of a drifting black fog, accompanied by rain-squalls. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and as the harbor rapidly filled with the graceful mackerel boats the writer jumped into a small boat and pushed from the shore for a closer inspection. The first schooner reached was the *Levanter*, from Gloucester, and well might she be mistaken at a short distance for a yacht. Her tall masts were almost lost in the drifting fog, and although the rough weather and salt spray had turned the gilding on her bow, and blotched the black hull, still she was neat in appearance, and the graceful lines told of speed.

"Come aboard!" shouted a tall man who, with pipe in mouth, stood near the wheel. Aboard everything was as neat and tidy as a Yankee kitchen. Fourteen or fifteen men form a crew—enough to man the seine boats and dories.

Mackerel run in schools at the surface of the water, like menhaden, and the dark spot they make on the water can be seen at a great distance on a clear day. A man is posted at the mast-head, and keeps a lookout until fish are seen. After a school is sighted it often happens that the whole crew, with the exception of the cook, leave the schooner, and while they are seining the master of pots and kettles runs the craft single-handed. The cooper is another important personage aboard the boat, and at the request of the crew a sketch was made of him at work. Then, perched upon the cross-trees of the main-mast, now swinging twenty feet in an arc from one side to the other, the writer sketched the lookout at the opposite mast-head.

Leaving the *Levanter*, with many invitations to call again, we pointed our boat for the dock of the canning factory. Here we found men busy cleaning "tinkers" (small mackerel), removing the head and entrails with one dexterous cut of the knife. These fish are put up in neat cans, and make a very palatable morsel. Numerous pretty girls, with fresh complexions and rosy cheeks, work in these factories, and it was an odd sight to see them crowded around a long wooden trough, rolling the cans about in sawdust saturated with coal oil.

All along the shore when the mackerel are running, the osprey circles and whistles, while, with an eye sharper than the man at the mast-head, he searches for fish. After a headlong plunge into their midst it is seldom he appears without his plunder glistening in his talons.

There are about seven hundred sail and an army of men engaged in pursuing the mackerel, and about three millions of dollars are invested in the business. The men go shares on the catch, the cook alone having a regular salary. This has not been a good season, but the fishermen do not appear to be discouraged, for, like all sailors, they let the morrow take care of itself.

DAN BEARD.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

COMPLAINTS are made by the managers of some of the smaller Western railroads that the cars which they send to the sea-board are often carelessly or by design loaded for points in the West remote from the places of departure. These cars sometimes find their way to the tracks of rival roads that are still more poorly equipped, and trouble without end is made for the lost-car agents, whose office is made necessary by the exigencies of freight traffic over the vast railway system of this country.

A delegate to a Greenback Convention in Boston rose "to a point of order." When asked to state his point, he said that he had been trying for half an hour to make a motion, and he didn't want to wait any longer.

In some of the grain-raising regions of California the crop is greatly damaged every year by hot blasts that blow from the north. A plan of doing away with the withering currents by exploding bombs in the air has been seriously proposed.

The Irish of Roman Catholic faith seem to be having things their own way in Cleveland, Ohio. The Mayor, nearly all the city officers, and most of the policemen are Irish and Catholics. In one of the wards a flag is displayed the upper edge of which is red, the body white, and the lower edge green. On the flag are the words, "Hoadly, Blee, Heisley, and Victory." A resident who signs himself as a Democrat writes to one of the papers asking whether the national colors are to be changed to red, white, and green by the Irish element in his party.

The popular liking for government notes is in no danger of giving place to aversion because some of the young women who count greenbacks in the Treasury have had their fingers poisoned by the arsenic in the coloring.

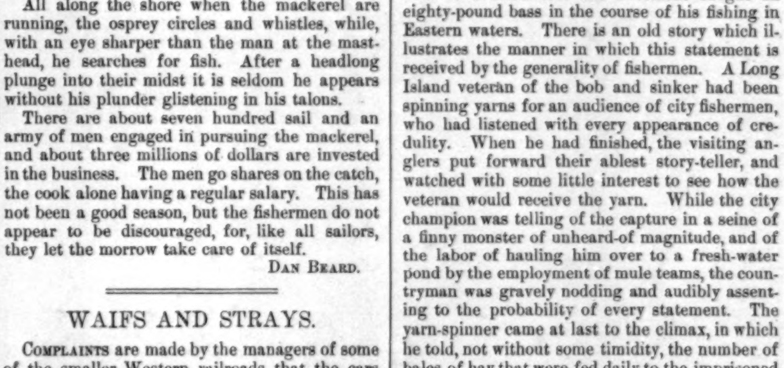
Captain Nares, the arctic explorer, believes that there is reason for hoping that the Greely expedition may be found not to have resulted so disastrously as is generally feared. He has written to the London *Times*, laying out a line of retreat which he believes Lieutenant Greely might have followed, and which would have taken him where he would have fallen in with Esquimaux and an abundance of provisions. The theory of Captain Nares is based upon an intimate knowledge of the arctic routes, and of the localities at which provisions had been left in anticipation of such a journey and its necessities.

Unintentionally King Alfonso seems to have done in Paris what the Vermonter from Bellows Falls boasted that he would do—"make that old town howl."

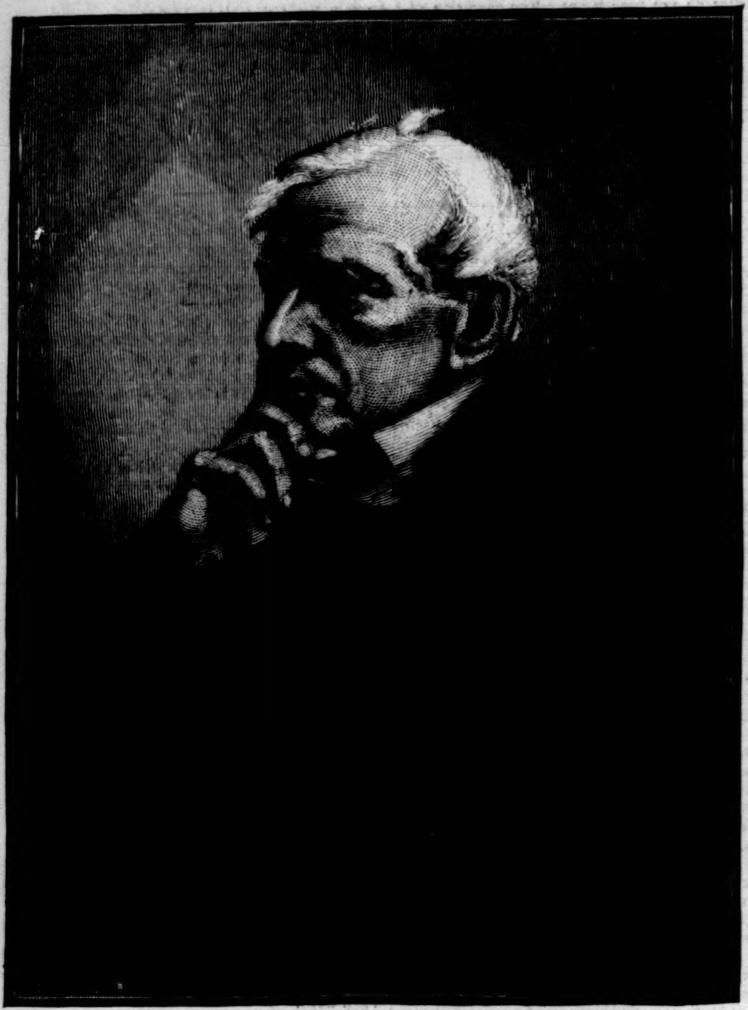
Sleighing on the first day of October in the United States is one of the things to be remembered concerning the remarkable year of 1883.

It is proposed to run trains between Paris and St. Petersburg, through Berlin, the speed of which throughout the entire distance shall average fifty-six miles an hour—a rate far beyond anything that is attained on American roads over long distances, and beyond anything that has yet been accomplished on the continent of Europe.

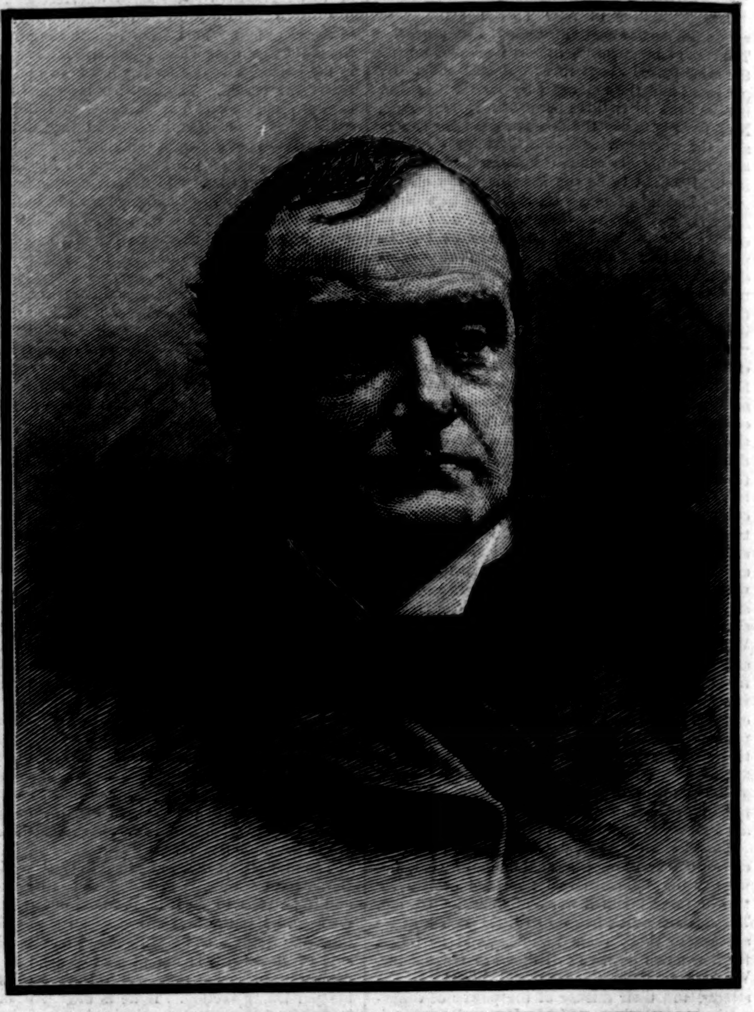
It is averred that the President caught an eighty-pound bass in the course of his fishing in Eastern waters. There is an old story which illustrates the manner in which this statement is received by the generality of fishermen. A Long Island veteran of the bob and sinker had been spinning yarns for an audience of city fishermen, who had listened with every appearance of credulity. When he had finished, the visiting anglers put forward their ablest story-teller, and watched with some little interest to see how the veteran would receive the yarn. While the city champion was telling of the capture in a seine of a finny monster of unheard-of magnitude, and of the labor of hauling him over to a fresh-water pond by the employment of mule teams, the countryman was gravely nodding and audibly assenting to the probability of every statement. The yarn-spinner came at last to the climax, in which he told, not without some timidity, the number of bales of hay that were fed daily to the imprisoned monster of the deep. All eyes were on the old fisherman, and he did not weaken. "Ya-as," he said, with many profound nods, "them big fish, they *do eat hay!*"



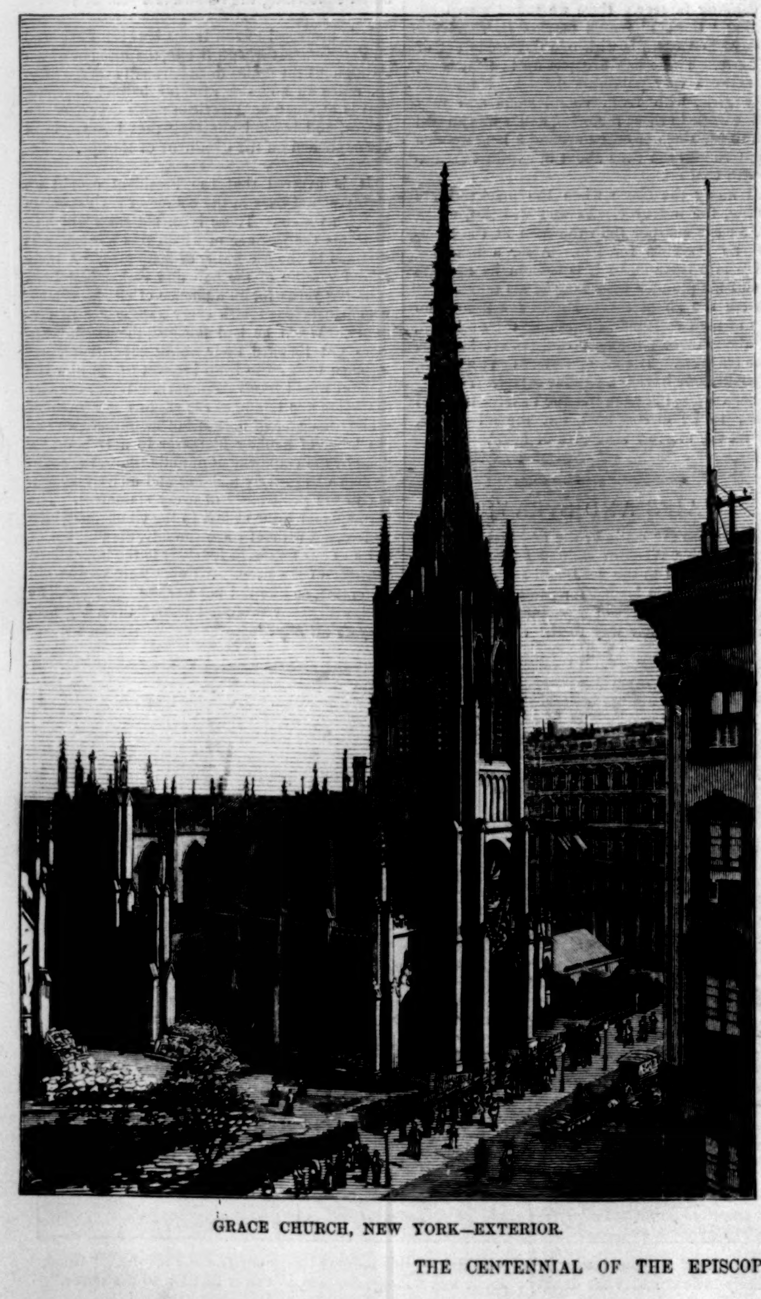
No. 5.—"Ah, Tom! why didn't we think of this before?" says our friend Perkyns. "Good, kindly little creature the donkey; docile and willing; besides, is a near relation to the horse."



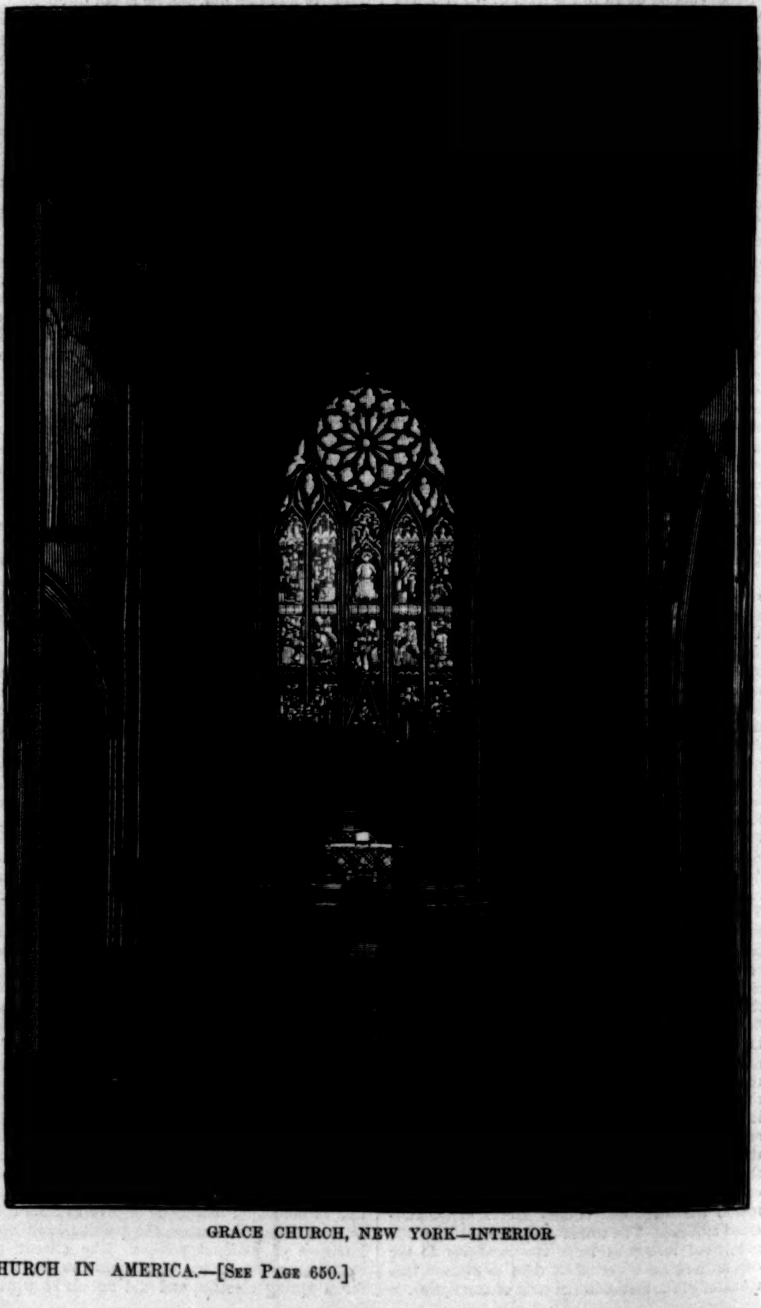
THE RT. REV. HORATIO POTTER, D.D., BISHOP OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROCKWOOD.



THE RT. REV. HENRY C. POTTER, D.D., ASSISTANT BISHOP OF NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JORDAN.



GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK—EXTERIOR.



GRACE CHURCH, NEW YORK—INTERIOR.

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN AMERICA.—[SEE PAGE 650.]

1. The Lookout. 2. Seiners—Mackerel Fleet in Background. 3. Fish-cleaning Stand. 4. Mackerel Knives and Ploughs. 5. An Old-time Fisherman (Osprey). 6. Factory Girls polishing Cans. 7. Cleaning Fish for Canning. 8. The Cooper.

SKETCHES AMONG THE MACKEREL MEN.—Drawn by Dan Beard.—[See Page 647.]

THE EPISCOPAL CENTENNIAL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES H. HALL, D.D.

It seems to be a foregone conclusion that there must somehow be a centennial anniversary, which the Episcopal Church is now celebrating. When we ask what is the event which justifies this impression, which the General Convention in solemn session is recalling, which has induced the vestry of Christ Church to renew, as far as possible, the status of their venerable building, the answer is very indefinite. There was, indeed, no event of the year 1783 of sufficient importance to call for general attention. The first General Convention which met to prepare for organization, which was not completed until 1789, met in Christ Church, Philadelphia, and as that body, in its regular order, has this year convened in that city, and will hardly meet there three years hence, it seems proper to recall the past and exchange congratulations over the century's growth. In fact, the year of grace a century ago was one of utter prostration. The only event in which the Episcopal Church became interested has been already quietly and properly honored. Of the fourteen clergymen of the Church of England who were left in Connecticut, "ten of them, *rallying from all discouragement*, met at Woodbury in the last week of March [1783] following the publication of peace, to deliberate on the affairs of the Church, and to organize for the future." The "meeting was kept a profound secret, even from their most intimate friends of the laity, and it was so quietly held that no minutes of it were made or published." There and thus assembled, with what was probably necessary caution, for the suggestion of bishops in this land had always been a firebrand, these ten parsons fought against their *discouragement*, and persuaded the Rev. Samuel Seabury to undertake an expedition to England to obtain, if he could, the episcopal office. The result was doubtful. By-the-way, the story goes now that this last spring the bishop and clergy, who desired to honor the anniversary of that event, wished to meet informally in the same room of the old house at Woodbury, now occupied by an ancient dame. The old lady, when asked if the clergy might have the use of the room for a reunion and supper, replied, after some hesitation: "Well, I dunno. I'm opposed to dancin'. They can come if they won't dance."

Dr. Seabury, who became the first Bishop of the American Church, had been chaplain to the British contingent on Staten Island, and a hundred years ago Sir Guy Carleton was delaying the evacuation of the city of New York to protect the loyalists, who, we read, to the number of thirty thousand, found refuge in Nova Scotia before the end of the year. Mr. Seabury had been for a short time "in duress vile" in his native State "for active hostility to the measures of the Congressional government." With letters from the clergymen of New York, he sailed for London in June, 1783. Baffled by many impediments in London, he at length went to Scotland, and was consecrated at Aberdeen by the Non-juring or Jacobite bishops, November 14, 1784. We find, therefore, no epoch on which to hang a centennial celebration, but may well ponder the facts of the contrast which suggests itself between the two ends of the century.

The organization of the Church came later. In May, 1784, nine clergymen, three from each State—New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—"after prior correspondence," met at New Brunswick "to consult for the interests of a Society for the Support of Widows and Children of deceased Clergymen, which had existed under Charters of Incorporation from the Governors of the said three States." They determined while thus assembled "to procure a larger meeting in the following October in New York, both to revive that Society, and to agree on some general principles of the union of the Episcopal Churches throughout the States." This was done, and a beginning made.

In consequence, the first General Convention of sixteen clergymen and twenty-six laymen from seven States met in Christ Church, Philadelphia, in September, 1785. In the same church gathered on Wednesday, the 3d inst., four hundred deputies and sixty bishops from every part of the republic to consult for the interests of their constituents. The State of New York sent two delegates to that primary assembly, the Rev. Samuel Provost, A.M. (afterward first bishop of this State), and Hon. James Duane, Esq. The questions of that day were novel and perplexing, the doubts and difficulties harassing. The winnowing of the colonial Revolution had left the mustard seed with them exceedingly small. The real work they found to do was to assert the prime necessity of union among themselves independently for the first time since the days of the apostles of all help from the State, and in opposition to the prevailing popular systems of belief; of unity in doctrine, discipline, and worship, under Episcopal tutelage, with the Church of the Ages and with the faith, as they held it, once for all delivered to the saints. The Episcopal contingent of this nation has been true to their conceptions of truth and duty. The labors, battles, and victories of that body have been along one consistent line of thought. The Episcopal Church struggled first for a right *to be*, and to be tolerated, and there has been a time when defeat seemed certain. She has made good the right. In those first meetings she timidly but urgently asked for the episcopate from those who had failed to conquer us, and it is to the credit of all parties that the passions of the times were resolutely excluded from ecclesiastical circles.

Now, after a century, we look instinctively at results. Take the old stronghold of Puritanism, Massachusetts. In 1773 there were four clergymen there, and a few hundred members. The last report of that State (1882) shows 162 clergymen, 18,076 communicants, perhaps five times that number of members, and $508,883 56 of annual contributions. The moral stand-point, which has been gained through much tribulation, can not be calculated in numbers. Or turn to New York. When the Rev. Mr. Provost journeyed across New Jersey in that September of 1785, he could have counted up the parishes which he was in a loose sort representing on his fingers. To-day five dioceses, ably manned, 737 clergymen, 87,153 communicants, and $1,964,323 22 of annual contributions mark the change. The work of the first bishop of New York was very small. To-day it exceeds the powers of any five men to overlook it with ordinary fidelity. True, the population of city and State has increased, but there has been a change of front from the scattered few left by the Revolution, with dark clouds chilling them, to the united and resolute "sacramental host of God's elect" contending for the same great facts and convictions.

What makes this year an interesting centennial to our Episcopal communion, is chiefly the fact that there is a spirit abroad in the Church which teaches a duty to meet the wants of the age. The convention now in session has before it the report of the Committee on the Enrichment of the Prayer-Book—a subject which has been growing in importance for many years, and is now imperative. The chief object is to enlarge the liturgical resources, and to make them more flexible, while departing no whit from the doctrine and discipline of our forefathers.

In our General Conventions Bishop Horatio Potter has been recognized as a valued and useful member. He has always been a power "to make for peace, and for those things whereby one may edify another." His record in these general assemblies has endeared him to the Church at large, and it is to his honor that he has filled for many years the most important See in the land with a reputation for meekness, kindliness, and self-forgetfulness which no one now questions. Born in 1802; he was elected in the Convention of this diocese, then containing those of Albany and Long Island, as assistant to Bishop Onderdonk, whom he in the course of nature succeeded. Until that date the diocesans had come mostly from Trinity Parish. Dr. Potter, then rector of St. Peter's, Albany, was elected eminently for his blameless reputation, for a faithful pastorate, quiet, and free from party passion, a wise, cautious, laborious, and resolute man of God, satisfied with administering things "as this Church has received the same." Twenty years ago diocesan conventions were somewhat noisier and less guarded in speech than they are now. It is largely due to the exercise of the same qualities in the bishop that the change has come over them. Resolute in his own convictions of duty, doctrine, and worship, he has been patient, cautious, and generous before the opposition of others; and while his policy has been sometimes suggestive of the Fabian tactics, time has proved him generally right. The late election of his assistant has demonstrated two facts beyond dispute—one, that party passion in its ugly forms has succumbed, and given place to a magnanimous courtesy and true charity; the other, that his flock was as glad as he could be to give him as his assistant one of his own kin, and, hardly less, of his own kind of Churchmen. In the whirl of city life, with its currents and counter-currents of thought, feeling, and varied interests, where in the nature of things all manner of doctrinal opinions and individual vagaries are represented at high pressure, it is providential that the "master of assemblies" has been marked by freedom from pride, prejudice, and passion, firm as a rock in his moderation, and wise in his refusal to yield to the passing gusts of the hour. Long may the honored face be seen among us!

We may see in the features of the Bishop-elect, whose future opens so auspiciously, the signs of his character. His "moderation has been known of all men." To call him Broad-Churchman, or Low or High Churchman, is an absurd misnomer. No one who knows him ever thinks of him under either title. A graduate of the Episcopal Seminary of Alexandria, Virginia, in 1857, and still honored by his Alma Mater, he ought to be a partisan, which he is not. Twenty-six years ago it would be next to impossible, under the parties then raging, to have elected a man of that ilk. *Tempora mutantur et nos.* He has won the confidence of his brethren, he has earned the graceful right to speak to the honored gentleman whose name was opposed to his own as he did in the late convention in New York by his character and merit. He owes it also partly to the increase of something in the whole Church, before which party passion has been stilled. His first parish was in the village of Greensburg, Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania; next, St. John's, Troy. Thence in 1866, after refusing a large church in Cincinnati (1862), and the Presidency of Kenyon College (1863), he went to be assistant minister on the Green Foundation of Trinity Parish, Boston. He has been best known as rector of Grace Church in Broadway, New York, since 1868. There for fifteen years he has been seen and known of all men, and has left in it a monument of good works. As an author he has published several works of practical religion, marked by earnestness and ability, and by solid evangelical truth. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Union College, Schenectady, where he was born, and over which his father presided until he was called to be Bishop of Pennsylvania. He is a Churchman by inheritance, and has been fitted for all the details of his office by his experience as Secretary of the House of Bishops for many years. All who love the Church which he has served so well will unite in wishing Dr. Potter a long and successful career. He becomes bishop on the turn of the century which has seen great things under the able men who have continuously upheld the ideas which the Episcopal Church represents to this nation. We can trust him to carry on their work, and to add lustre to the American succession.

A PORCELAIN PIPE.

"I'll give you three days to lose your senses; then you'll rave over her."

"I don't rave over ceramics."

"Oh, pshaw! you must admit that she is the only available object to adore in the valley."

"Admitted. I shall confine myself to the beauties of nature, however."

"You can't do it. Given a little backwoods hotel, only one pretty girl, Harry Goddard with nothing to do, and he will be completely at her command at the end of one week."

"Not at all, Tom; cloisonné on copper, and all that sort of thing, is not my style. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I believe that you intend to stay here about a month; she remains the whole season. I'll bet you cigars that I will be the favorite before we leave."

"Make it a box of cigars, and I'll do it."

"Done!" answered the young man addressed as Harry, lighting a fresh cigar.

"Done it is!" responded Tom, adding: "I say, Harry, how many cigars do you smoke in a day? I should think that you would be a bonanza to the cigar man."

"Would if I paid. But I can't afford cigars; I generally smoke a pipe. But why do I find you here? When I left you at Freiberg I thought that you would settle down there, be a college professor, and do your share toward making the younger portion of humanity miserable. You are worse than a will-o'-the-wisp; first in Germany, then in California. I believe that if I should be cast away on a desert island in the Pacific, the first object that would greet my eyes would be Tom Arthur gravely taking a squint at me through a surveyor's tripod, or perhaps, hammer in hand, cracking pebbles on the shore."

"Very possibly; I should be, as I am now, in pursuit of knowledge. I came West to study the gold and silver mines, and the general formation of the country. But you—what are you doing? You have nothing to call you from New York," answered Tom.

"I?" repeated Harry, with a nervous twitch of his hand; then, in a careless tone: "Oh, I'm an Ishmaelite, a peripatetic; my eyes are with the fool's eyes, in the ends of the earth. I came for information; in search of something to write about; hunting for a subject."

Tom laughed. "I'm sleepy," he said, with a yawn. "Halloo! it's past twelve. Get to bed, you Bohemian!"

"You can go to bed; I'm going to have a smoke before I turn in," replied Harry.

"Smoke!" may I ask what you've been doing ever since supper?"

"Burning cigars. I'm going to smoke now," saying which he went to his travelling bag and took out an immense porcelain pipe, together with a package of tobacco.

"Let me see your pipe. Why, here is the fair ceramic as she might have looked ten years ago. Where did you get it?" said Tom, in surprise.

"Got the bowl plain in Strasburg," Harry answered, examining the pipe for a moment. Then he added, as he filled and lit it: "It does look like her, but it can't be. I guess the only resemblance is the enamel. That pipe was painted for me by a lady. I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for it: some day I'll tell you why." And Harry sprang out of the low window on to the little piazza, and turning to wish his friend good-night, he strolled down the road.

Harry Goddard was a young man about twenty-eight years of age, well built, and rather good-looking. He was almost clever enough to be called brilliant, consequently he was so lazy that he accomplished but little. He wrote in a desultory way for half a dozen magazines under half a dozen different names, and as he had no difficulty in disposing of his wares, he never was in want of money. Always good-natured and full of spirits, some who knew him thought him shallow, and that he had no depth of feeling; in fact, his nature was a most contradictory one. Tom Arthur, who perhaps knew him better than any one else, said that he had the timber for a first-class man in his composition, but at present it was covered with a veneering of flippancy, and worked into something like many of our modern articles of furniture—pleasant to look upon, and such a thing as we like to see in another man's parlor, but of no earthly use to any one.

Tom Arthur was about the same age, tall, handsome, and energetic; he was an engineer, a graduate of the Freiberg School of Mines, and devoted to his profession. He was as different from his friend as fire from water; gifted with an excellent memory, his mind was stored with knowledge of all kinds, systematically arranged, and ready for instant use; but he was as modest as a girl withal, and was as much underestimated by his acquaintances as Harry was overrated. They had known each other for nearly twenty years, having been neighbors and school-mates, but they had separated when Tom went to Freiberg and Harry to Yale. One day Tom was surprised by having Harry burst into his room with the announcement that he was travelling through Europe, and that he thought he would drop in and see him. They again separated to meet in two years in the Yosemite Valley.

But to return to Harry as we left him on the road between Black's and Hutchings's. As he puffed lazily at his pipe he paused for a moment to enjoy the beauty of the scene. One of his redeeming qualities was an enthusiastic love of Nature in all her varied forms. The moon was not yet set, but was slowly disappearing behind El Capitan, flooding the valley with soft light, in which the beautiful Cathedral spires on the one hand, and the Three Brothers on the other, appeared clothed with a supernatural grandeur. The deep shadows of the pines, the almost fantastic appearance of the rocks towering high above them, which, in the tremulous light caused by the scudding clouds crossing the moon, seemed to sway to and fro with a rhythmic motion, to advance into the light and bow, then to recede again into the darkness—all seemed so strong, so grand, that there was none of that involuntary tremor such as one feels when standing under the shadow of the works of man.

The dull booming of the Yosemite Fall, the musical plashing of the Bridal Veil, the rushing Merced below, and far above among the crags and snow peaks the faint echo of the Vernal and Nevada falls, combined to make a roar that at first seemed almost deafening, yet the silence was so perfect that Harry trembled to break it even by a footstep. Opposite to him was the Yosemite Fall, its second leap one vast lunar rainbow in the rays of the setting moon. Harry stood, he did not know how long, enchanted by the weird grandeur of the scene; then, with a few vigorous puffs at his pipe, he walked along the path toward Mirror Lake, winding in and out among the tall pines, past Hutchings's and Lamon's, around huge rocks, and over rude bridges made of a couple of planks and a rail, till at last he reached the lake, and taking his seat on a large stone, gave himself up to the tranquil meditations that the pipe induces. How many pipes he filled we can not say, but as he shook the last grains of Lone Jack out of his pouch the sun was rising over Cloud's Rest, and though he could not yet be seen, the rosy beams which heralded his approach were fast breaking through the haze which enveloped everything. The mist slowly lifted from the surface of the lake as the rays of the sun grew more powerful, till the broad edge of his disk was seen peeping above the Cap of Liberty, gilding the crags and little streams with a glory which can only be seen at sunrise. Harry rose and walked slowly toward the hotel.

At breakfast Tom opened the conversation with the "fair ceramic," as Harry persisted in styling her, by calling attention to the mist which was just rising from the valley, and explaining that it was owing to the fact that Harry had been up all night smoking. Harry explained volubly, but despite their efforts they could not break through the icy reserve with which she seemed to envelop herself. While Harry and Tom were in their rooms getting ready for their daily tramp, they speculated as to the cause of her sudden change, for the day before she had been extremely friendly. They commented freely upon her actions, and finally concluded that she would be more like herself at dinner-time.

That evening as they sat on the little veranda, Miss Scott (the "fair ceramic") received Tom's attentions so kindly, and so completely ignored Harry, that when those two gentlemen were preparing to retire, Tom remarked, "Ah ha, my boy, I've got you now! come, produce the cigars. By Jove! if it were not for a certain little lady 'way down East,' I don't know but—"

"Don't crow till you're out of the woods," interrupted Harry, crossly. "I've got some time yet, and one never can tell what may turn up."

Harry's last remark seemed almost like a prophecy, for the next afternoon as they sat on the veranda a strange gentleman came cantering down the road on the back of a most diminutive donkey. As soon as he caught sight of Harry he tumbled off his steed, and rushed up to the piazza, crying, "Why, Harry Goddard, what are you doing here? I'm glad to see you, my boy—glad to see you!"

"Thank you, my lord. I suppose you are still on your old hobby—botany," replied Harry. Then looking around, he continued, "Allow me to present you to my friends;" and in turn he introduced Lord Herbum to Miss Scott, Mrs. Potts, her aunt, and Tom Arthur. Lord Herbum remained with them during the evening, and proved himself a most entertaining companion. When Harry and Tom entered their room, Tom said, in a tone of comic despair: "I'm left. Your noble friend did the business. How Miss Scott melted, and the aunt fairly gushed, at the mention of a title!"

"I didn't think that she was that kind of a girl; but they are all alike. Speak of a lord, or a duke, or a count, to an American girl, and she is on her knees at once. Even I shine in the reflected glory of Herbum's title.

"Either a title or money," Harry continued. "So what chance have you or I in the great matrimonial race? Nine out of every ten fellows who get married obtain the girl's affection under false pretenses. You remember Jack Van Brunt, how he used to take Hattie Morrisson out to the opera, and go without lunch for a week to make up for it. It was a clear case of obtaining love under false pretenses."

"I don't believe she married him because she thought he was rich," interrupted Tom.

"No, perhaps not; but she would never have looked at him in the beginning if she had thought him poor. I tell you a fellow don't need much in these days to be popular among the girls. If I had a son, I should teach him, first, to dance; second, to make five dollars' worth of show on one dollar; third, to talk society nonsense. Then, if he had time, I'd teach him to read and write; but I shouldn't try to load his mind with anything worth knowing." A mild snore from Tom gave assent to these propositions, and Harry, finding no one to listen to him, followed his friend's example, and went to sleep.

For the next three weeks Lord Herbum made one of the party on all their excursions, and one moment they would see the gray side whiskers and good-natured face between the shaggy ears of the little donkey which he bestrode, the next the saddle would be vacant, and his lordship would be on his knees at the side of the trail examining some new fern or strange moss. On these rides Harry forswore the use of his beloved pipe, for although he was convinced that the face on it was only a chance resemblance to the face of the "other painting," there was a peculiar feeling of doubt that haunted him when he would compare, as he sat smoking his pipe, the rich

golden-brown of the hair, the perfect color of the face, the regular irregularity of the features, with the living reality which he had before him all day. It was safer, he said to himself, not to display it, as it would be almost impossible to make any one who did not know all the circumstances of how he came by it believe that it was not an attempt at a portrait.

So the days passed, with picnics, where Miss Scott and Harry superintended the making of the coffee, excursions up the trails, where Tom photographed the party with every conceivable variety of background, moonlight rows on Mirror Lake, and at the last a grand dinner at Snow's, when Lord Herbum sent his own man up the day before to prepare for them. This was to be the last excursion of the season. Mrs. Potts and Miss Scott were to leave the valley in a day or two for Lake Tahoe; Lord Herbum intended to spend a few days in the Calaveras grove of big trees; Tom Arthur proposed to study hydraulic mining in the region of Dutch Flat; Harry was the only one who was not decided upon a course of action. In fact, he had become more and more interested in Miss Scott, and resented any allusion to the artificiality of her complexion as a personal insult. As they rode down the narrow trail from Snow's into the valley, and all the way to the hotel, Harry tried in vain to speak to her alone. Immediately after supper the ladies pleaded weariness and retired. Soon after, Tom and Harry entered their room, and as Harry took up his great pipe and prepared to smoke, Tom remarked: "I say, you promised to tell me the history of that pipe: why not now? There is no time like the present, you know."

Harry laughed nervously. "There is no history about it," he said, with assumed carelessness. "I bought the bowl plain in Strasburg, and Mrs. Hay painted it for me in New York."

"What, not old Mrs. Hay? I didn't know she could paint."

"No, not old Mrs. Hay—her daughter-in-law: Susie Andrews was her name before she was married."

"The Miss Andrews that you used to write to and rave about when you were in Europe?"

"The same."

"But I didn't know that she was married."

"She wasn't when she painted the pipe."

"But I judged that you had intentions in that direction yourself."

"I did," responded Harry, "but the intentions were all on my side. You see she and I had always been together—like brother and sister, in fact—and while I felt more than a brotherly affection toward her, her love for me was simply a sisterly regard. When I came back from Europe and told her, she informed me that she was engaged to Charlie Hay, painted me this pipe bowl, and advised me to take a trip for my health. We didn't have a row, or anything of that kind. She told me not to come back till I got over it; then she gave me this pipe bowl, and told me—this is the queerest part of it—told me that there was the girl she wanted me to marry."

"Well?" inquired Tom.

"Well, you know I— By Jove! I—I'd like to do it," said Harry, with some hesitation; then gathering courage, he continued, "Do you know, I believe that Miss Scott is the original of the picture on my pipe."

Just then there was a knock on the door, and as Tom opened it a waiter delivered to him a neat little package—"For Mr. Goddard and Mr. Arthur." On top was an envelope directed to the two gentlemen. Harry tore it open and glanced at the contents.

"What in the mischief! 'Bet!'—'cigars!'—'neither of you preferred!' Here, Tom, read it; I can't. I begin to see what it means."

Tom took the note, and read as follows:

"GENTLEMEN,—As it will be next to impossible for you to settle the bet which you made concerning me, I send you a box of cigars, so that neither of you may be the loser. I leave the valley to-morrow morning, and we shall be spared the mortification of meeting again. I would drop as a parting hint that you can not be too careful to discover what the walls of your rooms are composed of before you comment too freely upon your neighbors. MARIE L. SCOTT.

"To Mr. T. G. ARTHUR and Mr. HARRY GODDARD."

Harry sat for a moment as if stunned; then stepping to the bureau, he slowly lifted a small Spanish stiletto. Tom sprang forward and grasped his arms. "Hold on!" he cried. "Don't be a fool; you don't want to die yet."

Harry shook himself free; then, with a quiet smile, he asked: "You didn't think that I was going to kill myself, did you? Oh no, I only want to see what the wall is made of." And as he spoke he thrust the keen blade into the side of the room. "Worse than I expected," he said, as he drew it out and examined the cut. "Not even a board partition, only some cheese-cloth stretched from beam to beam and papered over. She must have heard every word we said. In future our communications must be made in writing."

Harry sat for a moment, scrawled a few words on a piece of paper, and throwing it to Tom, remarking, "See to that, will you?" he grasped his pipe and left the room. He rushed down the road to the corral, found his guide, had his horse saddled, and started off up the Coulterville trail.

"He'll break his neck," muttered the guide.

But Harry sped on up the narrow path; and as from time to time a turn of the trail disclosed a bit of the valley, he would pause to look. So he galloped ahead, till, in the gray of the morning, when he was but a few miles from Dudley's Mills, where he intended to get a fresh horse, his own beast, wearied with the long and hard ride, stumbled and fell. Harry shot over his head, and far beyond the edge of the narrow road which was cut in the side of the mountain. He rolled down over the sharp rocks, and then all was a blank.

His first return to consciousness was when he found himself on a comfortable couch, felt a light touch on his forehead, and heard some one murmur, "Harry!" As he opened his eyes he saw a vision of gold-brown hair floating over a light morning wrapper disappear through the door. His first thought in his dazed condition was that the head on his pipe had come to life, and he fumbled for the pocket where he had thrust it before he started on his night ride. His coat was off; there it lay on the chair. He must see his pipe. He tried to rise, then became aware that there was something wrong. As he fell back with a groan, again that bright vision entered the room. This time it said, "You must not move, Mr. Goddard; I will get anything you want."

Harry looked with wondering eyes for a moment; then glancing toward his coat, articulated, "My pipe." She felt first in one pocket, then in another, and at last brought a handful of bits of broken porcelain. Harry regarded her intently; then, with a satisfied look, he murmured: "I thought so. You are the same. The pipe is broken, and you are the picture come to life, are you not?"

"Yes, yes," she whispered, with a sigh; then groaned to herself, "Oh, if he should always be this way, and I to blame for it!"

But Harry had sunk into a quiet sleep, and the next morning he was much better. He was only sprained and bruised, the doctor said, though how he escaped breaking every bone in his body was a mystery. Miss Scott and her aunt were in the stage, coming around the same curve where Harry had met with his accident. The driver saw the dark figure caught in the branches of a bush about half-way down the side of the mountain, and with true Western promptitude he took a coil of rope out of the box, made one end fast to a stump, the other around his body, crawled down the descent, and taking hold of the insensible man, made his way back to the stage. When they arrived at Dudley's Mills, Harry was put to bed, and lingered for several days in delirium.

At last, when he had recovered enough to be able to walk around, he thought of Tom. He telegraphed to him: "I am at Dudley's Mills. Come on." When Tom received the dispatch he was thunder-struck. Harry had written on the piece of paper which he handed to him when they parted: "I leave for San Francisco; send my baggage by to-morrow's stage, *via* Coulterville. Will write in a week or two." Consequently, what he could be doing at Dudley's Mills, Tom was at a loss to imagine. However, he did not stop to reason, but ordered his horse, and set off immediately.

That evening, as they sat on the cozy little veranda in front of the hotel, Harry told about his wild ride and his rescue, and how he had taken Miss Scott to be the picture on his pipe come to life, and gave such an amount of strictly personal information that even good-natured Tom was bored, and at last managed to say, with a suppressed yawn, "And so you lost your pipe, did you?"

Harry's eager mood was changed in an instant, and a laconic "Yes" was the only answer.

"You felt pretty bad about it, didn't you?" pursued Tom, feeling that he must say something, yet afraid that it would start Harry talking again.

Harry rose from his chair and turned toward the door. There in the doorway, like a picture, framed in the honeysuckles and roses, stood Marie Scott. Harry stepped to her side, and slipped his arm around her. "Felt badly? No. Why should I mourn for the picture when I have the original?" he answered, as he drew her gently into the house. ALLAN FORMAN.

LADIES AT LAWN TENNIS.

If any club was strong enough to break the barrier of prejudice that forbade ladies to compete in open lawn tennis tournaments, it was the Staten Island Ladies' Club for Out-door Sports, and that organization has vindicated its position by holding a tournament in which ladies belonging to any club in the country were admitted to compete. That such prejudice has existed—and it is by no means yet overcome—is evident from the fact that whereas open tournaments for male amateurs have been frequent in the past three years, only one club has offered a prize for ladies in open competition, and even that one has only done so in one instance. The Ladies' Club is therefore entitled to great credit for having inserted the thin end of what it is to be hoped will prove a very stout wedge.

The tournament, which, postponed one day by stormy weather, was held on the ground of the Staten Island Cricket Club on the 3d of October and two following days, was a complete success. The weather, it is true, favored the players rather than the spectators, since it was "bracing" even to frigidity; but the gayety of the scene, and the strong interest maintained by the often brilliant and always worthy play of the contestants, were sufficient to keep the many on-lookers from paying greater heed to the chilly atmosphere than was absolutely forced upon them. October is, to be sure, somewhat late in the season for out-door tennis, but so long as the summer outing is extended far into the autumn, the tournament at the home club must be held either in October or in June, and the latter month is as much too early for good play as the former is late for balmy weather. With the exception of the ladies' and gentlemen's doubles, in which a lady and gentleman played as partners, the contests were open only to ladies, ten players entering for the single-handed matches, six pairs for the doubles, and eight for ladies' and gentlemen's doubles.

It may have been a matter for short-lived regret, but it should rather be a subject for congratulation, that the first prize in the most important event, the single-handed match, was won by a visitor from another club. There is a savor of inhospitality when a member of the home club wins the best prize, for which strangers have been invited to compete, and at the same time there is apt to be a feeling of disappointment if the home club is left entirely out of the race. The Staten Island Ladies' Club should be well satisfied with the result in the single-handed match, which was won by Miss GOODWIN, of the Franklin Archery and Tennis Club, after as interesting and brilliant a match as ever was played between ladies in this country, her last opponent being Miss ADELAIDE ROBINSON, of Staten Island, who thus took the second prize. Miss GOODWIN's style is that which has been the winning game in the last three years; she plays up at the service line, and makes frequent and skillful use of the volley, the principal point of difference between her game and a strong male player's being that she relies more on "placing" a volley than on force. Miss ROBINSON is the champion of the Staten Island Ladies' Club, and the match between her and Miss GOODWIN was what those scoffers should have seen who have said in their haste, "All women are 'duffers.'"

"FRANCESCA DA RIMINI."

It has been said that if there were no *mariages de convenance* there would be no French plays. But this theme has been the mainspring of many a tragedy long before the glittering and elusive modern French society drama with its pointed *morale*—or, to be more accurate, *immorale*—had its run of popularity. The story of the woman who weds the man she does not love, and then loves the man she should have wed, dragging down lover, husband, and self to destruction, has often been told on the stage. History has furnished many such instances to the dramatists; yet the most picturesque of them all, and that most admirably adapted to dramatization, waited many years until it became part of the literature of the stage. The actors in the actual history of FRANCESCA DA RIMINI form of themselves, without perversion of historical accuracy, a brilliant array of *dramatis personæ*. There is the gloomy background of a noble mind and heart imprisoned in the twisted body of the hunchback LANCIOTTO, in bright contrast to it the brilliant beauty of his brother PAOLO, the whole picture mellowed by the gentle grace of the loving, unfortunate FRANCESCA. Moreover, a point of great value to the modern dramatist, the locality, offers fine opportunities to the scenic artist.

From the history of FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, Mr. BOKER has constructed a play of remarkable strength, which, however, in its present form contains the elements of even greater strength. On its original production by E. L. DAVENPORT, many years ago, it failed. It was then a reading rather than an acting play. Mr. BARRETT of late years, with his keen discernment, saw in it the possibilities of a great success—at any rate, he recognized in Lanciotto a character admirably adapted to himself—and set to work with Mr. BOKER to condense it into a drama for the stage. The result is a strong play of six acts, each act having a distinct climax, and the climaxes growing in strength until the curtain rolls down over a terrible tragedy. When I say that the play contains possibilities of even greater strength, I mean that a more liberal condensation in the first two acts, which, from the necessities of the story, are rather wanting in dramatic movement, would develop the plot more effectively. I shall not give more than a synopsis of the plot. To end the bloody wars of Guelph and Ghibelline, Lanciotto of Rimini is betrothed to Francesca of Ravenna. Paolo sues for his hunchbacked brother so seductively that he wins Francesca's affections for himself. She, duped by her father into the belief that Lanciotto is counterpart of Paolo, though undeceived before the betrothal, meets deceit with deceit, and consents to the marriage. From the very altar Lanciotto is called to the war. A love scene between Paolo and Francesca is overheard by Pepe, the jester, who, hating Lanciotto, rushes to his camp, informs him of the perfidy of wife and brother, and is awarded with death. The husband takes horse for Rimini, and surprising Paolo and Francesca, kills them, and takes his own life.

I admire particularly Mr. BOKER's management of the climaxes to Acts IV., V., and VI. That to the fourth, with the fine grouping at the cathedral altar, is scenic rather than histrionic, as if to bring out the action of the following climaxes more strongly. At the end of the next act the fool is killed. A murder well carried out is a strong climax, but Mr. BOKER has used his material so as to have a stronger one at his disposal for the next act. After the fall of the curtain the hearer follows in imagination the outraged husband in his ride to Rimini. Consequently the love scene with which the last act opens emphasizes by contrast the guilt of the lovers. As Paolo asks Francesca for one last kiss, they hear Lanciotto's hissing voice—"Take it!" Over them stands, not the hideous hunchback from whose touch Francesca shrank, but the dark figure of avenging justice. It is the moral justification of Lanciotto's vengeance which gives strength to the final tragedy. With great skill Mr. BOKER has idealized Lanciotto. He has given him an ardent, impulsive, noble nature, which atones to the audience for his physical defects. He is pitiable rather than repulsive. Were he a Richard III., with a distorted heart in a distorted body, the immolation of the lovers would seem brutal murder. In *Francesca da Rimini* it is the vindication of a husband's wrongs.

"To the great actor who created Jean Baudry," wrote VACQUERIE to REGNIER. Mr. BOKER might write in a similar strain to Mr. BARRETT, who as Lanciotto is the central figure of this play. It is a part in which the actor easily surpasses his previous efforts—even his Cassius, which is usually considered his best. It is a dark, weird, impassioned personation, softened with fine art by noble love and faith for brother and wife. A single "No" from Paolo or Francesca would have saved them. He implores them to give him a lying "No" rather than the truth. Then only when all is hopeless does he wreak his vengeance. Mr. BARRETT goes through the last two acts like a whirlwind carrying all before it. But there is one omission which if rectified would deepen the impression of the last act. Mr. BARRETT's personal appearance should bear traces of that fearful night ride to Rimini, in which the demons of murder and vengeance rode at Lanciotto's side. A little dishevelment would add to the realism of the scene.

Mr. BARRETT is the self-made man among actors. He is now enjoying the fruits of untiring energy and devotion to art for art's sake. He is almost the only American actor of note who is constantly adding new parts to his *répertoire*. In the last few years he has brought out three American plays, *Francesca da Rimini*, *Pendragon*, and *Yorick's Love*. From his extraordinary success in the first-named, the general public now appreciate what many already knew—that LAWRENCE BARRETT is in the foremost rank of American actors, sharing the honors of the legitimate drama with EDWIN BOOTH and JOHN McCULLOUGH. GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

THE GREAT TROT AT FLEETWOOD.

On the 29th ultimate, St. Julien, surnamed the King of the Turf since 1879, when he made a mile in 2.12¾, the fastest time then on record, was dethroned by Jay-Eye-See, the little black gelding of Wisconsin. This gelding, which was named by spelling out the initials of his owner, JEROME I. CASE, has been known since his remarkable performance of the past two seasons as the Western Wonder. He is the worthy son of Dictator and Midnight. In nearly every race he shows the mettle of these fine horses. Indeed, the parents of Jay-Eye-See could not have been more appropriately named, for he is black as midnight, and dictates to his competitors the distance they shall trot behind him.

The Western Wonder was born in 1878, so he becomes the King of the Turf at the early age of five. He is certainly a very young ruler, and yet there is no trotter worthy to be appointed regent. If Maud S. were still on the track she might hold the reins of government until Jay-Eye-See is of age. But Maud S., since Mr. VANDERBILT became her owner, is no longer on the turf.

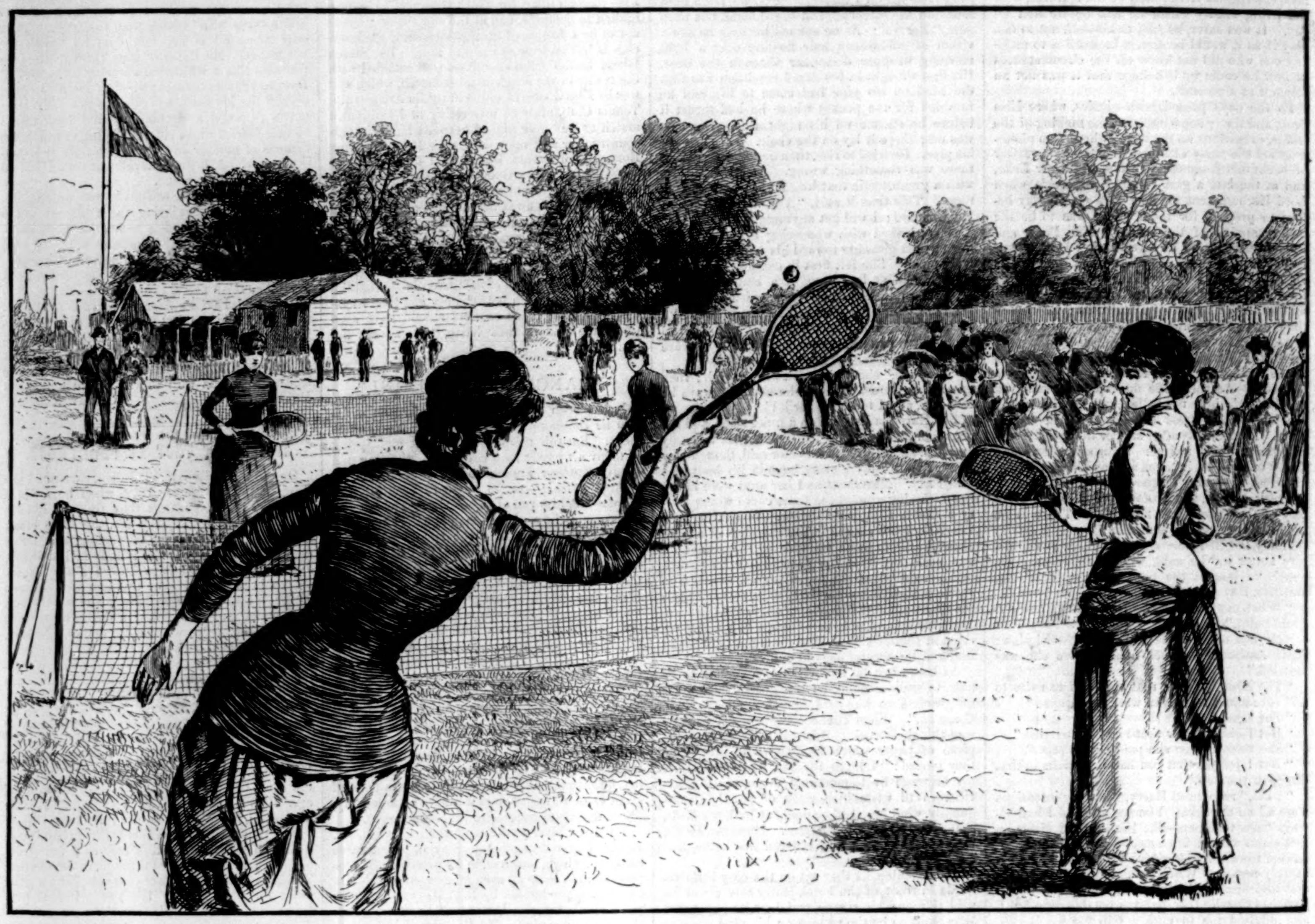
The young King of the Turf is fifteen hands one inch high. He ran his first race as a four-year-old, last year, and beat, at Chicago, in September, Trinket's record for four-year-olds, which had stood for three years. His two principal performances this season before the race with St. Julien were at Albany and Providence. At Albany, in July, he wiped out Santa Claus's record for five-year-olds, 2.18, by covering the mile in 2.16¼, while at Providence he beat his own record, trotting in 2.10¾, or within half a second of Maud S.'s fastest mile on record.

St. Julien is a bay gelding, the son of Volunteer and Flora. He has made 2.11¼, which was the best record for a gelding until Jay-Eye-See's performance in Providence. His most wonderful season was in 1880. He ran in twenty heats the mile in less than 2.20, and five of the heats were remarkably fast. He is owned and driven by Mr. HICKOK.

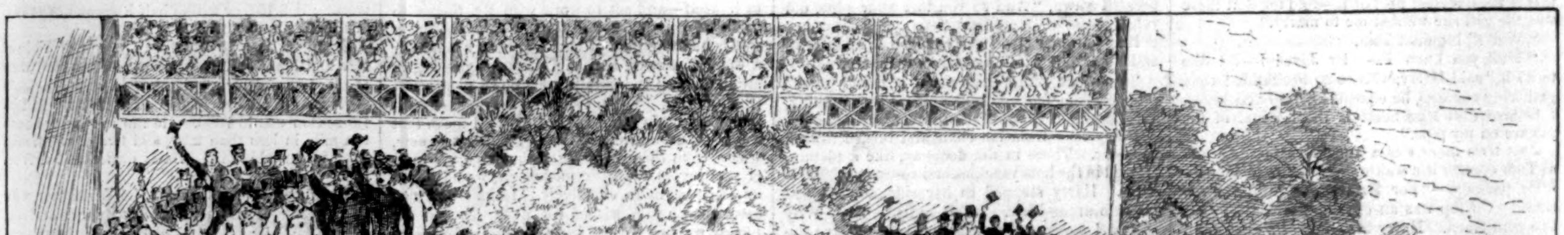
The race between him and the Westerner was on a Saturday. On Thursday Jay-Eye-See arrived here from Boston. He had been trotting there on the two days previous, trying to beat his own record, but in vain, and had come on here without a night's rest. He looked worn and tired, and a good many sportsmen criticised Mr. CASE for letting the little horse work so hard just before the great race. But Mr. CASE knew his horse. Jay-Eye-See is the idol of the CASE family, and the idea of Mr. CASE jeopardizing his chances of victory was preposterous. The gelding's gentleness and docility show how kind a master Mr. CASE has been, for when he came into his possession as a two-year-old he was wild. BILLY COLE, who grooms Jay-Eye-See, asserts that the horse has only been struck once since he passed into the hands of his present owner.

On Saturday the bluff to the north of the club-house was thrown open to the public for the first time since the Association was founded. The green of the hills between which Fleetwood nestles was hidden by the mass of human beings. The field was crowded with vehicles, the vehicles with people, and the people stood on the seats and crowded one another. There were some twenty thousand present. Had it not been for the rain-storm the night before, which led many to suppose that the race had been postponed on account of the heavy track, the crowd would have been much greater.

The race was for $5000 for the winner of three out of five mile heats. Mr. CASE was loath to start Jay on the heavy track, but concluded not to disappoint the multitude. HICKOK and BITHER got the geldings away head and head at the word "go." St. Julien led most of the course, and into the home-stretch showed the Westerner half a length. But as the horses came pounding down the stretch "the little black devil" came forward with a grand spurt, which carried St. Julien off his feet almost under the wire. It was Jay-Eye-See's heat by half a head. At the first attempt to start in the second heat the Western Wonder was a length in the rear, but BITHER nodded for the word. Nor did he underestimate his "side-wheeler's" stroke, for he won the heat by a length and a half. At the start for the next heat BITHER again nodded for the word, though St. Julien was three-quarters of a length ahead. BITHER was again right, for at the finish Jay-Eye-See was three lengths ahead, and the winner of the race. Owing to the heavy track, the time was poor, being for the three heats respectively 2.20½, 2.18¼, and 2.19.



THE LADIES' LAWN TENNIS TOURNAMENT, STATEN ISLAND CRICKET CLUB GROUNDS.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 651.]



THE GREAT TROT AT FLEETWOOD BETWEEN JAY-EYE-SEE AND ST. JULIEN.—Drawn by Gray-Parker.—[See Page 651.]

Buffington, Pitcher and Right Field. Radford, Right Field. Hornung, Left Field. Whitney, Pitcher and Centre Field. Sutton, 3d Base. Morrill, 1st Base. Wise, Short Stop. Hines, Catcher. Burdock, 2d Base. Hackett, Catcher. Smith, Substitute.

THE BOSTON BASE-BALL CLUB.—Photographed by Black.

THE GRAND TORCH-LIGHT PARADE IN PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.

BASE-BALL CHAMPIONS OF 1883.—[See Page 654.]

BRIDGING NIAGARA AGAIN.

THE existing railway bridge over the Niagara River was begun in 1852, and opened to traffic in 1855. It is a suspension-bridge, with a span of 821 feet, and was the first important work of its designer, JOHN A. ROEBLING, who afterward designed the Cincinnati suspension-bridge with a span of 1057 feet, and the Brooklyn bridge with a span of 1595 feet. This bridge has served the increasing traffic up to the present time, but the Michigan Central Railroad is now constructing, some ten rods above the suspension-bridge, a work in some respects more daring, and almost as novel now as ROEBLING's bridge was at the time of its erection.

The span of ROEBLING's bridge from tower to tower has just been given as 821 feet. This is the distance required in order to gain a firm footing for the towers at the summit of the precipitous cliffs which form the shores of the Niagara River. But, precipitous as they seem and are, the actual waterway at the bottom is not much more than half of the span at the top of the gorge. A bridge with piers in the stream itself would not interfere with navigation over what poor WEBB described, when he first saw it, as "the angriest bit of water in the world," but the same causes which make it unnavigable make impracticable the erection of a bridge with intermediate piers. The piers of the new bridge are established at the edge of the roaring river, 464 feet apart, and they are to be connected by a metal arch.

This span would a few years ago have been regarded as unbridgable by any other appliance than a suspended platform. Although it is only five feet greater than the central span of STEPHENSON's tubular Britannia Bridge, the method adopted by that engineer of making this vast girder in one piece, floating it under the piers, and hoisting bodily its vast weight of 1587 tons to its place, could not be adopted here, where the tideway, with a maximum velocity of nine miles of the Menai Straits, is replaced by the impetuous and incessant torrent of Niagara. Moreover, the height of 100 feet above the water which STEPHENSON was required to attain becomes here a height of 230. Before Captain EADS sprang his metal arch over the Mississippi, engineers would have regarded a suspension-bridge as the only solution of the new problem. That great work showed that a span of 520 feet, or sixty more than is required at Niagara, could be built, and built without centering, by gradually projecting an iron structure further and further from its heavily loaded or balanced base until two such structures met and became an arch, transmitting its pressure from end to end, having up to that time been two gigantic cantalevers.

This is the principle which has been adopted in the construction of the new bridge across Niagara, with modifications and improvements no doubt suggested by experience. The piers being here at the sides only and on the rock, the great difficulties which EADS encountered and vanquished in establishing his piers beneath the shifting bed of the Mississippi, and upon the everlasting rock 136 feet below its surface at high water, have not been met with here. On the other hand, the rise of the central arch of EADS's bridge is only 47½ feet, while the height of the arch at Niagara from the water is nearly ten times as much. This does not, perhaps, seriously complicate the engineering problem, but it touches the imagination more to learn of a human spider extending a web of metal day after day at this giddy height and over this mad torrent than at fifty feet above the lazy and muddy Mississippi. As a matter of fact, however, a workman who should fall at Niagara would probably not be perceptibly any deader than one who might have fallen at St. Louis.

BASE-BALL CHAMPIONS.

DURING the remarkable base-ball season just closed the sport has indeed won the title of "National game." So universal and determined has been the interest manifested in it, that in the conservative city of Boston alone 138,000 persons witnessed the League games of the season, and throngs of from 3000 to 5000 spectators of a single game have been common.

The struggle for both the League and Association championships has been close beyond precedent, and the victory in each case has been hailed by the city to which the winning club belongs as an event of the greatest importance, and one reflecting credit upon the municipality.

The League being the elder of the two organizations, its championship is entitled to first mention, although an equal amount of skill and hard work was required to win the one as the other. The victorious team in this case is that of Boston, to which city the pennant now goes for the third time since the formation of the League.

A reference to their pictures on page 653 will show the members of the Boston club to be the determined-looking fellows that their record of the past summer has proved them. Early in the season they were generally regarded as a second-rate club, on account of the number of new men on their roll; and, until the end of May, they failed to give any promise of their future success, being at that time seventh, or next to the last, on the list of League clubs. The season opened with Providence in the lead, a position taken after several weeks by Cleveland, but yielded again almost immediately to Providence. Again Cleveland passed to the front, to be ousted in turn by Chicago, who captured the lead by a series of magnificent spurts. During this time the Boston boys had kept so quiet that when they quietly stepped to the front and assumed Chicago's position everybody was surprised, and numerous prophecies were made that their tenure of office would be very short. But they maintained their ground, and steadily increased their lead, until, on the last Saturday of September, they defeated the Clevelands in Boston 6 to 4, thereby completing their tally of 98 games, of which they had won 63 and lost 35.

The American Association championship for 1883 has been won by the Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, after the most stubbornly contested series of games on record; and Philadelphia has gone wild over the victory. It is a victory of but one game, so close has been the struggle, and it was only won in the next to the last game of the season. Of their 98 games played the Athletics have won 66, St. Louis 65, Cincinnati 61, Metropolitan (of New York) 54, Eclipse (of Louisville) 52, Columbus 33, Alleghany 31, and Baltimore 28. The decisive game was that played with the Eclipse nine in Louisville, Kentucky, on the same day that the Bostons won their final League victory. The game was won by but one run, the score being 7 to 6.

Upon receipt of the news of this victory in Philadelphia immense crowds blocked the streets in the vicinity of the bulletin boards displayed by the daily papers, and the excitement was similar to that with which the news of some great battle was greeted during war-time. Preparations were at once begun for the reception of the victorious team, who were expected to reach the city two days later—on Monday, the 1st inst.

On their way from Louisville the champions were joined at Cincinnati by the Metropolitans, of New York, who accompanied them home. At Harrisburg they were met by a reception committee from Philadelphia, consisting of the president of the Select Council and a number of prominent politicians.

Upon their arrival in Philadelphia in the evening the victors entered carriages and were driven through many of the principal streets at the head of a procession of eight thousand persons, members of base-ball and social clubs. Bearing torches and transparencies, and interspersed with numerous bands of music, the procession forced its way slowly through such great throngs of excited spectators that all other street travel was for the time being suspended. Public buildings, stores, and private houses were illuminated, banners fluttered on the night air, and the ovation accorded to these successful players of the national game was such as might have been tendered to a victorious army.

The parade was followed by a banquet, attended by many of the prominent men of the city, the freedom of the city theatres has been offered to the members of the team, watches, gold medals, and other testimonials have been presented to them, and altogether they have been treated like heroes worthy of the proudest distinctions.

The most interesting games of this season will be played in Philadelphia on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of this month, when the League champion Bostons will meet the Association champion Athletics, in contests for the base-ball supremacy of the country.

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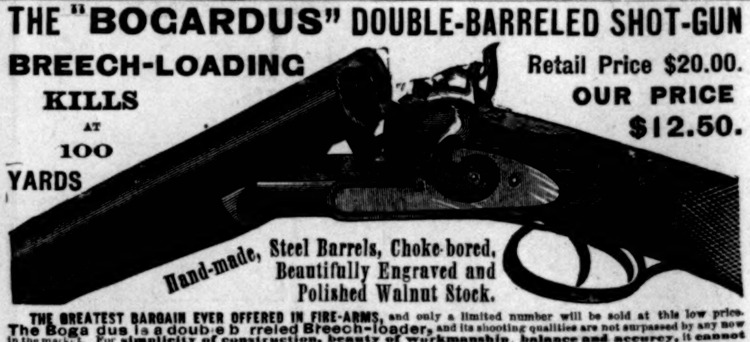

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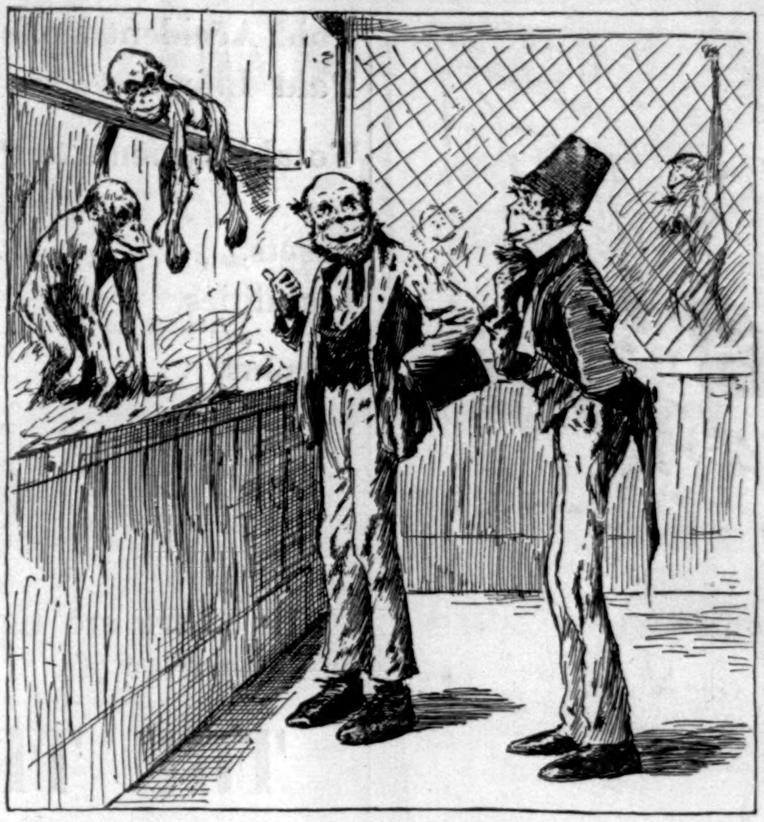

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